Theatre Magazine

Vol. XLI, 1925

050

NEW YORK

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

2 West Forty-fifth Street

Main

CONTENTS

Special Articles

Actor Folk Lusty Trenchermen—January 24
American Players in London—June 24
By Their Gown You Shall Know Them—January 28
Call for Rehearsal—11 A. M.—March 10
Chinese Drama on the Bowery—April 10
Confessions of a Playwright—January 12
February 25
March 25
April 25
Galsworthy Again Scores Masterly Hit—January 26
If I Were You—April 12
Let There Be Light—February 20
Livery Stable Drama and Back-Yard Technique—
February 12
Men Who Write the Hits—(Max Marcin)—March ... 12
Michael Arlen—May 10
Our Native Dramatist Comes Into His Own—May ... 20
Our New National Anthem—May 30
Our Presidents and the Actor—January 10
Passing of the Famous Stock Companies—May 18
Pity the Poor Play Jury—June 18
Play of Sea Lure Captures London—March 20
Plays and Revues on Berlin's Stage—April 28
Secrets of the Property Room—February 10
The American Language Play—June 12
The Dance Temple—June 31
The Guardsman and His Wife—March 23
The Matinee Idol—Old and New May 22
The New Note in Italy's Theatre—June 20
The Obscene Theatre—May 25
The Playwrighting Mirage—June 9
The Poet in Our Theatre of Today—March 9
The Poignant Women of Pauline Lord—April 20
The Theatre Beautiful—May 16
The Theatre Guild's New Home—January 9
The Troubadour Still Reigns—May 42
The World's Most Daring Dramatist—February 9
Triumph of the Motion Pictures—May 33
Two Innocents on Broadway—June 22
Unauthorized Collaboration—June 10
Voices Verses Feet—May 14
Wanted—A New Sort of Theatre—May 9
What Is a Box-Office Play?—April 9
When the Sticks Blossom—February 22
Where Are the Stars of Yesteryear?—May 12

Scenes from Plays

Chauve Souris—February 18
Ladies of the Evening—March 17
Louie the 14th—June 16
Madame Pompadour—January 18
Processional—April 14
Quarantine—March 38
Silence—January 23
The Blue Peter—June 14
The Dove—June 38
The Duenna—June 25
The Firebrand—January 21
The Guardsman—February 17
The Harem—March 14
The Student Prince—February 14
The Wild Duck—May 35
They Knew What They Wanted—March 18

Plays Reviewed

Alloy—January 20
Annie Dear—January 22
Ariadne—May 32
Badges—March 62
Big Boy—March 19
Caesar and Cleopatra—June 17
Candida—February 64
Cape Smoke—May 34
Carnival—March 15
Dawn—February 15
Desire Under the Elms—January 22
Episode—April 18
Is Zat So?—April 18
Isabel—March 64
Ladies of the Evening—March 15
Lady, Be Good—February 16
Louie the 14th—May 32
Love for Love—June 15
Madame Pompadour—January 19
Mme. Simone in Repertoire—January 20
Mrs. Partridge Presents—March 16
Music Box Revue—February 19
New Brooms—February 16
Old English—March 16
Othello—March 62
Paolo and Francesca—February 19
Parasites—February 15
Patience—March 15
Peter Pan—January 19
Pierrot the Prodigal—May 34
Princess April—February 16
Processional—March 19
Puppets—May 34
Puzzles of 1925—April 18
Quarantine—February 62
Ruint—June 17
S. S. Glencaire—January 22
Shall We Join the Ladies?—March 64
She Had to Know—April 16
Silence—January 58
Simon Called Peter—January 22
Sky High—May 34
Starlight—May 32
The Blue Peter—June 15
The Dark Angel—April 15
The Depths—April 16
The Desert Flower—February 19
The Dove—April 15
The Dunce Boy—June 17
The Fall Guy—May 34
The Harem—February 16
The Love Song—April 16
The Mongrel—February 62
The Piker—March 64
The Rat—April 18
The Rising Son—January 20
The Sap—February 62
The Sapphire Ring—June 17
The Second Mrs. Tanqueray—January 20
The Student Prince—February 15
The Undercurrent—April 18
The Wild Duck—May 32
The Youngest—March 19
They Knew What they Wanted—February 19
Topsy and Eva—March 16

Excerpts from the Big Plays

Desire Under the Elms—June 26
The Firebrand—May 26

Portraits

Aaron, Alex—June 36
Abbe, James—May 49
Abbott, George—March 27
Abel, Walter—April 39
Adams, Maude—February 26
Adams, Maude—May 12
Adelaide—February 37
Albin, Charles—May 49
Alda, Frances—January 35
Allen, Viola—May 12
Ander, Glenn—March 27
Anderson, Judith—March 13
Anderson, Judith—May 15
Anderson, Judith—June Cover
Arbuckle, Maclyn—May 19
Arlen, Michael—May 10
Arliss, George—March 24
Armstrong, Robert—April 17
Astaire, Adele—April 13
Astaire, Fred—April 13
Atwill, Lionel—May 33
Bada, Angelo—February 35
Bainter, Fay—June 27
Balieff, Nikita—February 18
Ballin, Mabel—May 37
Barrymore, Ethel—May 23
Barrymore, Georgiana Drew—February 25
Barrymore, John—January 25
Barrymore, John—May 22
Barrymore, Lionel—March 27
Barrymore, Maurice—March 28
Bates, Blanche—May 20A
Belasco, David—February 27
Bellamy, Madge—February 33
Bellew, Kyrle—May 22
Bennett, Richard—May 19
Bergner, Elizabeth—April 29
Binder, Sybille—April 29
Bird, Richard—April 39
Blackmer, Sidney—February 27
Bolm, Adolph—June 29
Boothe, Earle—June 36
Bordoni, Irene—May 13
Bori, Lucrezia—February 35
Boucicault, Dion—January 16
Bowers, John—February 33
Brady, Flo—April 37
Brailowsky, Alexander—April 35
Bramson, Karen—January 25
Brown, Elizabeth—February 37
Bruguiere, Francis—May 49
Bryan, Gertrude—February 13
Bryant, Nana—January 27
Burbeck, Frank—January 13
Burke, Billie—February Cover
Burke, Billie—May 23
Calvert, Patricia—June 23
Cantor, Eddie—May 13
Carillo, Leo—April 37
Carter, Mrs. Leslie—May 29
Casals, Pablo—May 43
Cayvan, Georgia—May 18
Chaliapin, Feodor—January 35
Chalmers, Thomas—January 35
Clark, Sylvia—March 37
Cohan, George M.—May 19
Collinge, Patricia—June 27
Coogan, Jackie—June 35
Cook, Joe—May 46
Cornell, Katherine—June 22
Cortez—January 11
Cotrelly, Mathilde—April 26
Cowl, Jane—April 19
Cowl, Jane—May 13
Crane, William H.—February 28
Crews, Laura Hope—April 27
Crosman, Henrietta—May 29
D'Andrea, Cecil—June 8
Danise, Giuseppe—January 35
Damrosch, Walter—May 43
Davenport, Millia—June 23
De Luca, Giuseppe—February 35
De Marco, Antonio—January 11
De Marco, Nina—January 11
De Wolfe, Elsie—May 29
Dempster, Carol—February 30
Denizon, Helene—April 11
Digges, Dudley—June 8
Dressler, Marie—May 46
Drew, John—January 10
Du Calion—April 37
Eagles, Jeanne—January 5
Easter—February 6
Eaton, Mary—May 13
Eddinger, Wallace—May 19
Edler, Grace—May 45
Edwards, Cliff—January 37
Elliot, Maxine—January 12
Elliot, Maxine—May 29
Elman, Misha—May 43
Errol, Leon—May 46
Evans, Edith—January 26
Fair, Phyllis—March 37
Falk, B. J.—May 49
Farrar, Geraldine—May 43
Faversham, William—May 18
Ferguson, Elsie—January 8
Ferguson, Elsie—May 13
Fiske, Minnie Maddern—January 14
Fiske, Minnie Maddern—January 30
Fontanne, Lynne—March 23
Fowler—March 6
Francis, Dorothy—April 5
Frank, Art—April 37
Freedley, Vinton—June 36
Fuller, Rosalind—March 5
Furtwangler, Wilhelm—March 34
Gahagan, Helen—June 27
Garden, Mary—March 35
Gaudsmith Brothers—May 45
Gemier, Firmin—February 27
Genthe, Arnold—May 49
George, Grace—May 29
Gershwin, George—May 30
Giannini, Dusolina—April 35
Gigli, Benjamino—March 35
Gilman, Maybelle—March 25
Gish, Dorothy—January 33
Gleason, James—April 17
Goldberg, Maurice—May 49
Goodman, Edward—June 36
Gordon, Ruth—April 39
Gray, Gilda—February 23
Greenwood, Charlotte—May 46
Griffith, Corinne—March 32
Groody, Louise—June 11
Hale, Louise Glosser—January 38
Halperin, Nan—April 37
Hammerstein, Oscar II—May 14
Hammond, Virginia—April 24
Harned, Virginia—May 12
Hayes, Helen—February 27
Hayes, Helen—June 19
Hazleton, February 6
Hedman, Martha—May 45
Hibbard, Edna—April 23
Hill, Ira L.—May 49
Hilliard, Robert—January 13
Hofman, Josef—May 43
Hopper, De Wolf—April 26
Hopper, Edna Wallace—May 23
Hopwood, Avery—May 19
Hornblow, Arthur—June 40
Howard, Francis—February 13
Howard, Kathleen—February 35
Hoyt, Julia—April 24
Hull, Henry—March 27
Irving, Isabel—May 23
Irwin, May—May 46
Janacek, Leos—February 34
Janis, Elsie—March 26
Janis, Elsie—April 21
Janis, Elsie—May 46
Jansen, Marie—January 13
Jeritza, Maria—February 35
Johnson, Edward—April 35
Johnston, Alfred C.—May 49
Jolson, Al—January 10
Kahn, Otto H.—February 27
Kalich, Bertha—January 27
Keane, Doris—April 30
Keane, Robert Emmett—March 37
Kelcey, Herbert—May 18
Kennedy, Madge—March 13
Kennedy, M. A.—January 13
Kesslere, G. M.—May 49
King, Claude—March 8
Kondo, Naae—April 21
Kosta, Tessa—February 13
Koums Sisters—April 37
Lane, Charles—January 33
Larrimore, Francine—February 13
Laudner, Odette—June 11
Lawrence, Margaret—March 13
Lawson, John Howard—April 21
Le Breton, Flora—April 39
Ledova—February 37
Lee, Etta—April 32
Le Gallienne, Eva—May 27
Lenormand, H. R.—February 9
Lewis, James—January 12
Liveright, Horace—June 36
Lonsdale, Frances—January 25
Lonsdale, Frederic—January 25
Lonsdale, Mavis—January 25
Lord, Pauline—April 20
Lorraine, Sisters—March 37
Lunt, Alfred—March 23
Lunt, Alfred—May 13
Lytton, Genevieve—January 13
Macfarlane, Elsa—June 24
Mahuron, Charlotte—April 11
Marcin, Max—March 12
Marlowe, Julia—May 29
Marvenga, Ilse—February 13
Massary, Fritzi—April 28
Marteau, Henri—May 43
Martinelli, Giovanni—March 35
McClintic, Guthrie—June 22
McClintic, Guthrie—June 36
McCormack, John—May 42
McKay, Neil—March 37
McLeod, Keith—May 47
McNamee, Graham—June 37
Meador, George—April 35
Mengelberg, Wilhelm—May 40
Menjou, Adolphe—February 32
Merrill, Beth—April 23
Meyer, Louis—June 40
Mielziner, Jo—February 27
Meyer, Paul—June 40
Miller, Henry—May 19
Milton, Robert—June 36
Mishkin, Herman—May 49
Mitzi,—June 11
Molnar, Ferenc—January 25
Monroe, Edward Thayer—May 49
Monterey, Carlotta—January 28
Moore, Colleen—February 33
Moore, Grace—February 38
Morris, Lily—May 45
Morris, Mary—February 21
Morrison, Adrienne—June 5
Morse, Lee—January 37
Mower, Margaret—January 29
Mueller, Gerda—April 29
Muray, Nicholas—May 49
Myrtil, Odette—April 39
Namara, Marguerite—March 21
Nash, Mary—May 23
Negri, Pola—June 34
Newcomb, Mary—March 13
Nielson, Alma—May 45
Nilsson, Anna Q.—March 30
Nissen, Grethe—January 32
Novarro, Ramon—March 31
O'Brien, George—February 33
O'Connell, Bland—April 11
O'Neill, Eugene—May 20
Paderewski—May 43
Paltrinieri, Giordino—May 41
Pareto, Graziella—April 35
Pavlowa—January 25
Peggy—January 11
Petite, Margarete—April 11
Pondelicek, James—May 49
Pollard, Snub—May 45
Povah, Phyllis—March 13
Rabinovitch—May 49
Raisa, Rosa—March 35
Renoff—January 11
Renova—January 11
Retter, Dezso—May 45
Rhea—February 37
Ring, Blanche—May 23
Romberg, Sigmund—June 23
Rosenfeld, Sydney—January 12
Rosenfeld, Sydney—March 25
Rothafel, S. L.—April 38
Rothier, Leon—May 41
Russell, Annie—May 12
Savage, Nellie Thorndike—April 11
Scheff, Fritzie—May 43
Schildkraut, Joseph—May 13
Scotti, Antonio—March 35
Sedano—February 37
Serrano, Vincent—May 19
Shannon, Effie—May 29
Sharon, Ula—April 6
Shaw, George Bernard—May 8
Sherman, Lowell—May 13
Spadora—March 37
Stanley—January 35
Stewart, Rosalie—June 36
Stone, Dorothy—April 21
Strange, Michael—January 25
Stravinsky, Igor—April 34
Stryker, Muriel—April 11
Swanson, Gloria—April 31
Talmadge, Norma—January 31
Tamara—March 6
Tannehill, Edward—January 13
Tarasova, Nina—April 35
Tarbue, Marion—February 37
Taylor, Laurette—May 5
Telva, Marion—May 41
Thimig, Helene—April 29
Thomas, Clara Fargo—February 27
Thompson, W. H.—January 13
Thomson, Cesar—May 43
Tibbett, Lawrence—March 35
Tokatyan, Armand—February 35
Trini—February 5
Truex, Ernest—May 13
Tucker, Sophie—May 46
Ulric, Lenore—January 17
Unger, Gladys—June 23
Valentino, Rudolph—June 33
Van—January 37
Velie, Janet—June 11
Vokes, May—May 46
Walker, June—April 23
Wallack, Lester—April 25
Walter, Bruno—January 34
Walters, Harry—June 6
Ward—January 37
Ware, Helen—March 8
Warner, H. B.—March 27
Watson, Harry, Jr.—May 45
Weaver Brothers—January 27
Weaver, John—April 21
West, Willie—May 45
Westley, Helen—May 29
Wheatcroft, Nelson—May 18
Whitehill, Clarence—May 41
Wilson, Francis—January 13
Winwood—Estelle—March 29
Wise, Thomas—February 8
Wood, Peggy—April 21
Wood, Peggy—June 27
Wyndham, Olive—May 29
Wynn, Ed—May 46
Zanini, Mlle.—June 33
Ziegfeld, Florenz—May 19
Ziegfeld—Patricia Burke—January 25
Zukor, Adolph—May 38

172663+

The Mason & Hamlin with the Ampico

ANOTHER GREAT PIANO

CAN NOW OFFER YOU THE AMPICO

THE whole wide world of music will appreciate the significance of this announcement. The Mason & Hamlin, an instrument that has for years held a place of highest distinction among artists, professional musicians, and the more accomplished amateurs, may now be bought with the Ampico.

Only in these pianos

Hitherto the Ampico has been obtainable in the Knabe and the Chickering. The addition of the Ampico to the Mason & Hamlin means that now *three of the four* great pianos in general use on the American concert stage are equipped with the Ampico.

The Ampico is also found in five other pianos, instruments that have held recognition for generations as pianos of quality. They are: the Fischer, the Haines Bros., the Marshall & Wendell, the Franklin; and in Canada the Willis also. The Ampico, with its priceless endowment of the playing of the greatest pianists, is limited to these pianos. All of them are fine enough to do justice to its music.

What is the Ampico?

The Ampico is the marvelous device that produces on the strings of your piano exactly those effects which were secured on another piano in our recording laboratory when a great artist sat before it and played.

The keys go down, the dampers rise and fall, the strings vibrate, each note sounds and stops or is sustained exactly as the artist who made the recording intended. Yet neither in the appearance of the piano nor in its action when it is played by hand is the presence of the Ampico suspected.

The Ampico brings to your piano the unblemished art of Levitzki, Rachmaninoff, Rosenthal, and hundreds of the great pianists of this generation, as well as Vincent Lopez, Adam Carroll, J. Milton Delcamp and other famous interpreters of dance and popular music. The Ampico library is a rich treasury of piano compositions, faultlessly, thrillingly played.

The silent or player piano you now own will entitle you to an allowance on the purchase of your Ampico. This exchange privilege and convenient terms of payment make it possible for you to experience without delay the myriad joys of owning an Ampico. Foot-power models, $795. Electric power models, $985 to $5000. With freight added. Uprights and grands.

Have you heard the Ampico?

If not, take the first opportunity to hear it at any store where any of the pianos listed are sold.

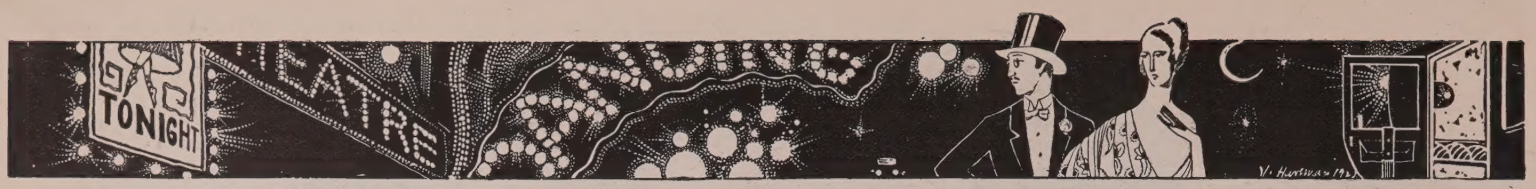
Perhaps you will want to learn more about the Ampico before hearing it. A booklet describing the Ampico and outlining the large library of Ampico recordings will be sent on request.

The AMPICO

The ALL of the Piano

THE AMPICO CORPORATION · 437 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

THEATRE MAGAZINE is published on the fifteenth of each month by Theatre Magazine Company, 2 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. SUBSCRIPTIONS $4.00 a year in advance. Yearly indexes 25c. Entered as second-class matter, August 2, 1917, at the Post Office, N. Y.; additional entry at the Post Office, Jamaica, N. Y., January 8, 1924; under the act of March 8, 1879.



B. F. Keith's

PALACE

The Million Dollar Theatre

BROADWAY AND 47th ST.
NEW YORK

THE WORLD'S GREATEST

VAUDEVILLE

THEATRE

AND PREMIER MUSIC HALL

Those who love distinction and luxury will find the appointments of this theatre completely to their liking. In the bills presented there's a dash of everything worth while in theatricals. The best that the Operatic, Dramatic, Concert, Comedy and Vaudeville stages can offer, blended by experts in entertainment.

DAILY MATINEES, 25c, 50c, 75c, and Best Seats $1.00

EVENINGS, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00

Except Sundays and Holidays

CAPITOL BROADWAY at 51st Street

World's Largest and Foremost Motion Picture Theatre

EDWARD BOWES, Managing Director

DELUXE MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT

CAPITOL BALLET CORPS
Mlle. Gambarelli, Ballerina

CAPITOL GRAND ORCHESTRA
Presentations by ROTHAFEL

Paramount Pictures

The **RIVOLI** Broadway at 49th St.
Rivoli Concert Orchestra

The **RIALTO** Broadway at 42nd St.
Famous Rialto Orchestra

The Best in Photoplays And the Best in Music

HUGO RIESENFELD, *Managing Director*

IF YOU ARE COMING TO NEW YORK
Write for a copy of
THE PLAY GUIDE

AUTHORS

A Theatrical manager would infinitely rather see a play in performance than undergo the labor of reading it.

We carefully read new plays from well-known and unknown Authors, expertly select a Broadway cast and simplify its sale by presenting it in New York before an assemblage of purchasing theatrical managers.

A performance of this kind naturally brings out theatrical values and is certain to result in regular production for those plays which appear in the least promising.

TRIAL PRODUCTIONS, Inc.
755-7th Avenue, New York

MARK

STRAND

Broadway at 47th Street

A National Institution

Direction - - - - - Joseph L. Plunkett

Photo Presentation of Finest Features

FAMOUS MARK STRAND BALLET CORPS
Mark Strand Symphony Orchestra
Carl Edouarde, Conductor

Near Enough to the business district for convenience, far enough away for quiet, The Belmont is the ideal hotel for the visitor to Chicago.

The Belmont

HUGH McLENNAN, *President*
G. E. BILLINGSLEY, *Manager*
SHERIDAN ROAD AT BELMONT
Chicago

Pearson Hotel

CHICAGO

The Pearson's location, a few minutes from the main business section, and the quality of its accommodations make this new hotel an especially pleasant stopping place for the winter season in Chicago. Opera, symphony concerts, theatres, shopping and everything that makes Chicago a winter Mecca are all within easy reach.

Send Today for Illustrated Folder

The Pearson is just a block east of North Michigan Boulevard in Pearson Street. Rates for one person are from $3.50 to $5.00 a day; for two $5.00 to $7.00, and two room suites $10.00 to $14.00. Every room and suite with private bath.

WINTER GARDEN B'way & 50th St. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Tues. & Sat.

NEW WINTER EDITION of
America's Greatest Annual Revue,

Greenwich Village Follies

with MORDKIN, MORAN and MACK-TOTO

"A MASTERPIECE" —*A. Woollcott Eve Sun.*

SAM H. HARRIS Presents
IRVING BERLIN'S FOURTH ANNUAL

MUSIC BOX REVUE

Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON

MUSIC BOX THEA., W. 45th St. Evs. 8.30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.30

Ray Morris

18 East 46th St.
NEW YORK

THE DERNIER CRI OF 1925

The World of Fashion is represented by the smart

Gowns and Wraps
now being shown

Suits Wraps
Gowns
Dancing Frocks
Evening Costumes

A VISIT ENTAILS NO OBLIGATION

RAY MORRIS will be glad to have you know her shop

Opposite Ritz-Carlton Hotel

ARE YOU COMING TO NEW YORK?

If you contemplate a trip to the Metropolis, write for a copy of THE PLAY GUIDE, so you may plan your theatregoing before you reach New York. Send four cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

THE PLAY GUIDE,
THEATRE MAGAZINE
2 West 45th Street, New York

A National Institution

B. F. Keith's

NEW YORK

HIPPODROME

THE GREATEST PLAYHOUSE IN THE WORLD

Novelties from everywhere. Under the direction of E. F. Albee and the B. F. Keith's Vaudeville Circuit, presenting the Earth's Greatest Show at prices that spell success.

DAILY MATINEES
including Sundays
1000 Seats at 50c

EVENINGS
including Sundays
1000 Seats at $1.00

ZIEGFELD SUCCESSES

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE
WEST 42nd STREET
Reduced Price Matinées Wed. and Sat.
NEW FALL EDITION

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES

Glorifying the American Girl
458 Seats $1.00 if Bought in Advance

SELWYN THEATRE, W. 42d ST.
Reduced Price Matinées Thurs. and Sat.
Ziegfeld Laughing Sensation

EDDIE CANTOR **KIDBOOTS** WITH MARY EATON

2ND SEASON Reserved 1st Balcony Seats $1.00 if Bought in Advance

AMERICA'S COMEDIENNE

BILLIE BURKE

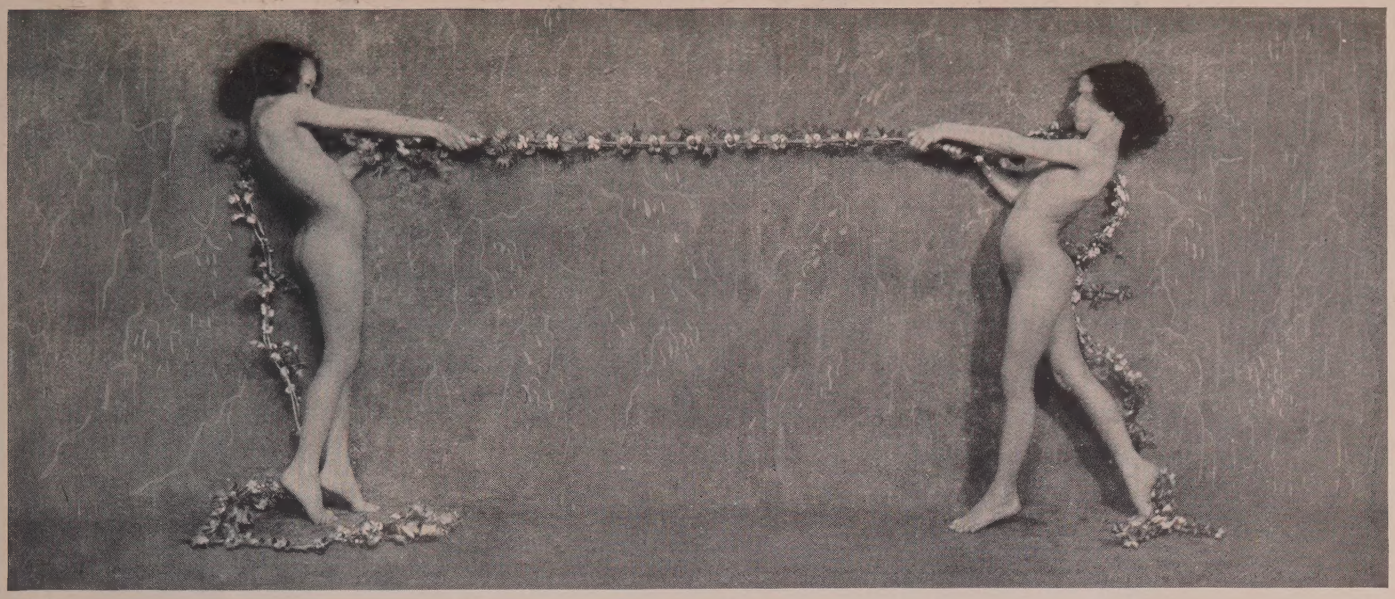
In Clare Kummers Musical Comedy
ANNIE DEAR Staged by Edward Royce with Ernest Truex
TIMES SQ. THEATRE, West 42nd St.
Reduced Price Matinées Thurs. and Sat.

Playhouse W. 48th St. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.30 Eves. 8.30

Stewart and French present

THE **THE SHOW-OFF** By George Kelly

"If the new season brings forth a native comedy as good as this, there should be dancing in the streets"—Robert C. Benchley, Life.



© Muray

CONTENTS for JANUARY, 1925

SPECIAL ARTICLES

The Theatre Guild's New Home.....*Theresa Helburn* 9
Our Presidents and the Actor.....*Montrose J. Moses* 10
Confessions of a Playwright.....*Sydney Rosenfeld* 12
Actor Folk Lusty Trenchermen.....*Archie Bell* 24
Galsworthy Again Scores with Masterly Play.....*J. T. Grein* 26
By Their Gown You Shall Know Them.....*Henri Bendel* 28

SPECIAL FEATURES

The Editor's Uneasy Chair..... 7
Heard on Broadway..... 39

ART FEATURES

Cover Design.....*Albert Vargas*
Womanhood.....*G. Maillard Kesslere* 6
Among the Forty Mortals of Stage and Screen.....*Wynn* 15

REVIEWS

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play..... 19
Madame Pompadour, Peter Pan, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, The Rising Son, Mme. Simone in Repertoire, Alloy, Simon Called Peter, The Eugene O'Neill Plays, Desire Under the Elms, S. S. Glencairn, Gémier in Repertoire, Silence, The Way of the World, My Girl.
Screenland.....*Aileen St. John-Brenon* 31
Music.....*Grenville Vernon* 34
Vaudeville.....*Bland Johaneson* 36

THE NEW PLAYS

Madame Pompadour..... 18
The Firebrand..... 21
Silence..... 23

FULL PAGE PORTRAITS

Jeanne Eagles..... 5
Elsie Ferguson..... 8
Lenore [illegible]..... 17
Margaret Mower..... 29
Mrs. Fiske..... 30
Louise Closer Hale..... 38

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Dual Devotees of the Dance..... 11
In the Passing Show..... 25
Eliot and Sardou on the Silver Screen..... 33
Foundation-Stones in Three Opera Companies..... 35
Harlequins of Melody..... 37

DEPARTMENTS

The Amateur Stage.....*M. E. Kehoe* 40

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE: The theatre property man is seldom featured on the bill of the play, yet no performance could be given without him. He's the man who is expected to know everything and supply everything, from a collar button to a Christmas plum pudding. An amusing and instructive article on this subject by a Broadway property man who takes you behind the scenes. ☙ In the same issue Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld continues his interesting reminiscences of the theatre during the last quarter of a century. ☙ There is also an amusing article by Stanley Rauh on the little theatres which these last few years have multiplied throughout the land. ☙ Our Paris correspondent gives an interesting close-up of the world's most radical playwright, H. R. Lenormand, whose play, *The Failures*, was done here by the Theatre Guild last year. ☙ Ada Patterson writes entertainingly of three young actresses who lately came from the tall timbers and won a place in the Broadway limelight. ☙ The regular departments and a wealth of pictures make up a splendid mid-winter number.

London Office: 10 Buckingham Street, Strand
J. T. Grein, resident correspondent

F. E. ALLARDT, Director of Circulation

The publishers cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or drawings. If postage is enclosed, an effort will be made to return unavailable material promptly, but in no case are the publishers liable for damage or loss.

LOUIS MEYER, PAUL MEYER } Publishers

Published monthly by the Theatre Magazine Company, 2 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Louis Meyer, President and Treasurer; Paul Meyer, Vice-President; Henry Stern, Secretary. Single copies are thirty-five cents; four dollars by the year. Foreign countries, add 50c. for mail; Canada, add 50c. Title THEATRE MAGAZINE, registered U. S. Patent Office.

A new Victor product

The Music Arts Library of Victor Records

Just as a certain amount of reading is part of everybody's life experience, so too there is a proportionate amount of music with which every man and woman wishes to be familiar. That is the keynote of The Music Arts Library of Victor Records, six volumes of which are now ready. The Music Arts Library of Victor Records represents a great variety of achievement by the world's greatest artists, and provides a wholly new outlook on the collecting of recorded music. With one exception these volumes, finely bound, printed and illustrated, may be obtained for the price of the records contained in them. Ask the nearest dealer to show you the Library, or write to us for a descriptive circular.

Real Victrolas are *marked* Victrola

TRADE MARK

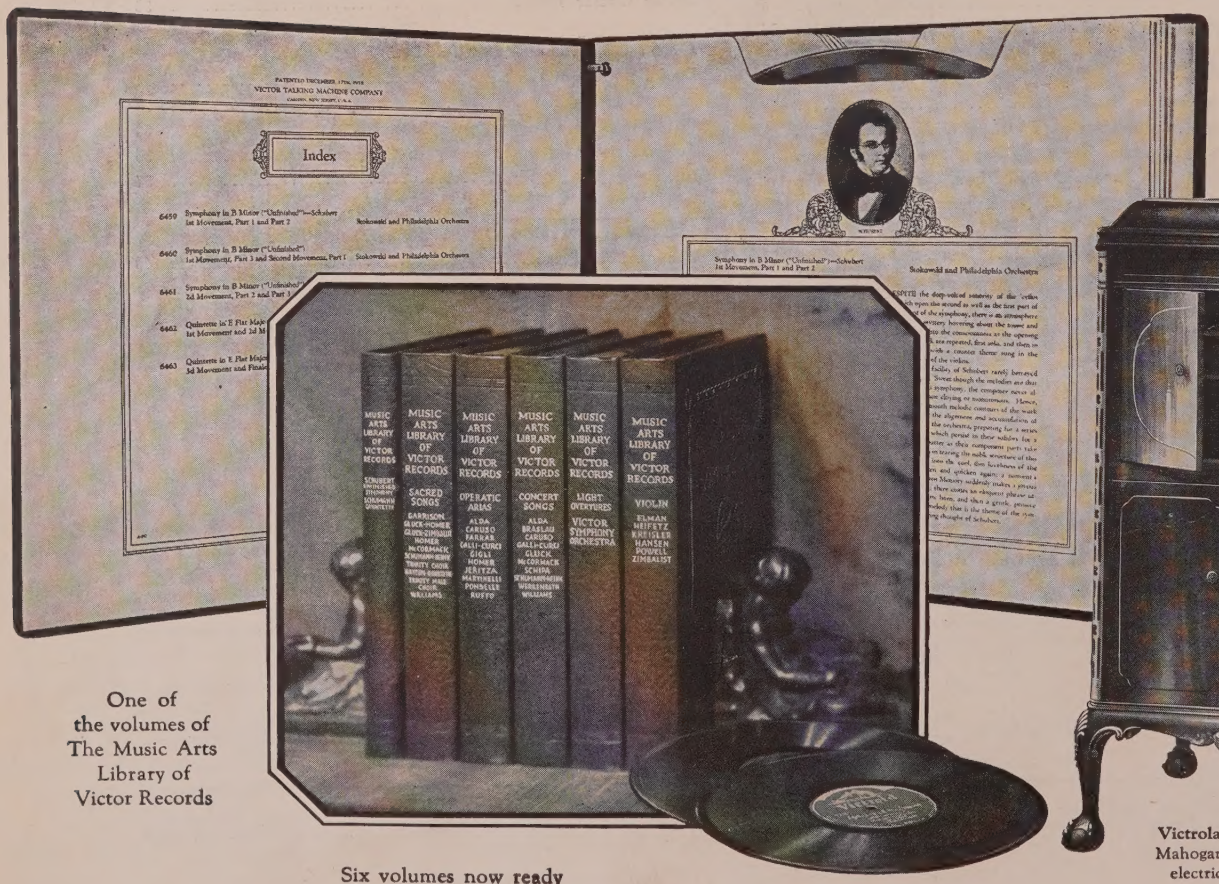
Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.

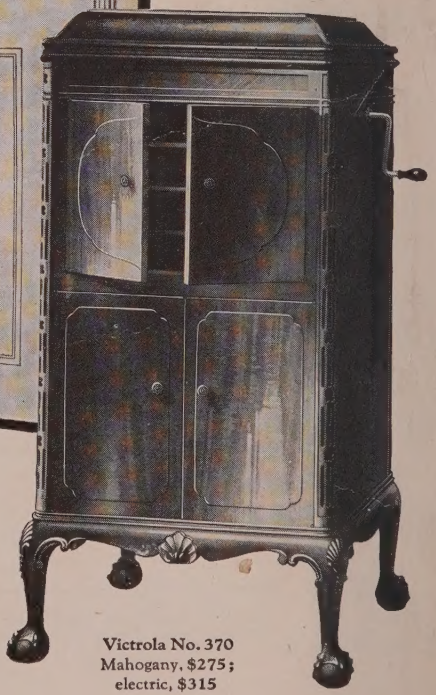
Victor Talking Machine Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

Canadian price-list on request



One of the volumes of The Music Arts Library of Victor Records

Six volumes now ready



Victrola No. 370
Mahogany, $275;
electric, $315

THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor

The Editor's Uneasy Chair

Critics and Criticasters

THE wise playgoer, when seeking to invest his theatre money profitably, is beginning to pay less and less attention to newspaper reviews. He has learned, to his cost, that the opinions expressed are not always to be depended upon. He has been misled by absurd praise quoted in the advertisements: "The great play we've all been waiting for," "Glorious entertainment," "You'll have the time of your life," etc., etc. It is only when he has wasted an evening sitting through a poor show that he realizes he has been fooled. Why should the public be deceived in this fashion? Because dramatic criticism, instead of being the serious, dignified profession it used to be, has to-day become the sport of the ubiquitous, irresponsible, facetious theatrical reporter.

Never, as a matter of fact, in the entire history of the American theatre, was serious dramatic criticism at so low an ebb as now. The old critics—the Sarceys, the Brunetières, the Winters, the Towses, the Lemaîtres—drama experts of refined taste, sound judgment and ripe scholarship, made a life study of the theatre and the art of acting. They themselves had seen most of the great players and were therefore competent to judge between genuine and spurious art. To-day, with one or two distinguished exceptions, these old critics are gone and there are none to take their place. The result is chaos, bewilderment, all standards ignored or lost. The constructive critic, with his vast experience, unquestioned authority and rich memories, has disappeared and in his stead we have the criticaster, a mere theorist of the theatre, without memories or background.

An amusing illustration of what little these reviewers know about acting were their comments on the recent performance of a certain actress. The critics did not like the play, but they continued to rave about the leading woman, not because she did the rôle justice, but because, having once hailed her as an actress of extraordinary promise, they could not imagine her doing anything badly. As a matter of fact, the actress was very bad. She had not the personality for the part nor the slightest conception of how it should be played. Her performance was so weak and spiritless that the play really failed on her account. It was her first failure and none knew this better than the lady herself. The reviewers praised her simply because they did not know how the part should be played and what another actress could have done with it.

KLAW THEA. West 45 St. Evgs. at 8:30. SPECIAL MATINEE Mats. To-day & Sat. 2:30. TUESDAY (Election Day).

"Well cast, well directed...a success by all the canons...The Nugents score again." —*N. Y. World.*

THE RISING SON

A COMEDY by J. C. NUGENT and ELLIOTT NUGENT

With the Authors and Ruth Nugent

"Nugents in fine family comedy...Smartest of dialogue and the best of acting." —*Herald-Tribune.*

"The Nugents, dad, son and daughter, were delightful...You will have the time of your life." —*Daily Mirror.*

This advertisement appeared in the daily newspapers. Note the excerpts from the reviews. According to the *Herald-Tribune*, the piece contained "the smartest of dialogue and the best of acting." The *World* considered it "a success by all the canons." The play closed after only sixteen performances. If you turn to page 20, this issue, and read what our reviewer says, you will know why you should always consult THEATRE MAGAZINE before going to the play

A Disgraceful Exhibition

IT is not often that one hears hissing in an American playhouse. In European theatres, audiences hiss almost as often as they applaud. Why not? If, by the childish gesture of clapping one's hands, one has the right to show appreciation, logically it is equally permissible, by imitating the peculiar noise made by an angry goose, to express disapproval. In England they prefer to boo, but on the Continent hissing has the sanction of long custom. Even at that high altar of dramatic art—the Théâtre Français—a new play was hissed recently, and in Italy the great Duse herself was hissed not long ago because the Romans took exception to the drama in which she appeared.

In America we are more polite. We may not like a play or an actor, but we suffer in silence. Our theatre manners are perfect—apart from our little failing of arriving after the curtain has gone up, treading on other people's toes, and talking loudly during the performance! But hiss a play or an actor? Heaven forfend! Yet the sinister, sibilant hiss was distinctly heard the other evening at the close of a torrid scene in a Broadway theatre where a dramatization of a well-known novel was given for the first time.

It takes a lot to shock a first-night audience, but playgoers are not entirely without a sense of decency. They insist that the line be drawn somewhere, and no doubt this audience was of the opinion that the line had been overstepped in this particular scene where a harlot locks a clergyman in the private room of a restaurant, urges him by the most provocative gestures to indulge in carnal pleasures, and, as a last temptation, tears away her clothing and exposes her whole person from the waist up. The scene, instead of being sensuous and voluptuous as intended, was most unpleasant and repulsive. The entire situation was ridiculous and the audience laughed derisively. When the daring exposure came, some continued to laugh, but others expressed their indignation by hissing. Here was a tawdry, bawdy scene, quite unessential to the action of the play, and apparently dragged in merely for the sake of salaciousness. The producer by this time probably realizes his mistake. The audience showed very unmistakably that there is a limit to what it will tolerate. The hiss heard on that particular evening should be a salutary warning to all who think that the ordinary decencies and conventions of life need no longer be observed.

ELSIE FERGUSON

Whose Talent and Loveliness Charm Anew in Ferenc Molnar's Play, "Carnival"

The Theatre Guild's New Home

Subscription List of Ten Thousand Helps Finance This Popular Playhouse of the Intelligentsia

By THERESA HELBURN

Executive and Casting Director of the Guild

WHENEVER I have gone to the theatre this winter it has been by way of Eighth Avenue, east again through Fifty-second Street and thence on down-town.

The *détour* has never failed to bewilder the taxi driver to whose unseeing eyes the short cross block between Broadway and Eighth Avenue offered nothing more than a number of nondescript brownstone fronts, the narrow entrance to Iceland, and an ambiguous pile of something under construction. How was he to infer that this ambiguous something, gradually developing into a broad four-story building with a colorful Florentine façade, was destined to house a theatre and producing organization whose problems differ from any other on Broadway?

So far the building is not too obviously a theatre—and no wonder—for it must house the varied interests of the Guild. Indeed, the theatre itself is hidden away upstairs behind the Florentine building which faces the street.

Yes, we may as well confess it, ours is to be a second-story theatre, the only second-story theatre in New York. We must confess also that this is as much a matter of economy with us as with the tailoring firms who have established the slogan of walking up one flight to save twenty dollars, although the idea emanated largely from the extravagant genius of Mr. Norman Bel-Geddes.

Exterior of the Guild's new theatre, between Broadway and Eighth Avenue on Fifty-second Street. Crane, Franzheim & Bettis, architects. Norman Bel-Geddes, consultant. Lee Simonson responsible for lighting and scenic equipment

---

WHILE we are unable to offer our audience a return in cash for the effort of climbing the few steps that lead to the auditorium, we sincerely hope they will be saved any wasted evenings in our theatre; and if time is money, they are free to compute their gains for themselves. By the device of raising the theatre slightly above the street level, we are able to gain spacious, comfortable lounge rooms beneath the auditorium proper without unbearably increasing our ground rent.

The Guild subscribers in the new theatre will find the way to their seats through a simple foyer hall, to the left of which two or three steps lead down into broad, open lounges, and from which on the right a double staircase ascends easily to the auditorium.

To return to the exterior. The row of large Italian windows with their little balconies that mark the third story have nothing to do with a theatre, strictly speaking; they are the windows of the large club-room, dedicated to those loyal Guild members who helped build the theatre and who are so integral a part of the growth and life of the Guild. The row of smaller windows below belong to the Guild offices and workrooms and above is another story, which masks from the street the unusually high stage house behind. This is also a superfluity for the average theatre, but an essential for the Guild. It is the story destined to house the studios and school of the theatre, and the building is so constructed as to permit two additional stories to be placed above it if this branch of our work achieves the future we hope for it.

The Guild's occupancy of its new home will not at first alter its policies and general plans in any essential way. Indeed, it will only offer a practical fulfillment of the long-felt needs of the organization. From its very first season, from the moment that *John Ferguson* moved out of the Garrick to the Fulton, the Guild has needed two theatres. Sometimes, indeed, it has needed three. Hitherto, for the larger and more important of the necessary playhouses, we have been at the mercy of casual rentals and the most difficult commercial competition. Indeed, these conditions have frequently been so difficult that the Guild could make more money on a small gross in the Garrick Theatre than it could on a large gross in a rented house.

It follows obviously that we have no intention of abandoning the Garrick after the new theatre is ready. Thanks to Mr. Otto Kahn's interest and co-operation, which permitted us to take over his lease, we are assured of the Garrick for another three seasons. After that, who knows? But surely the luxury of a second theatre will by then have become a necessity and the problem will solve itself as necessary issues always do.

Exactly in what relation the Garrick and the new Guild theatre will stand toward production cannot, as yet, be established. The increasing membership, which bids fair to be considerably above ten thousand when we move, seems to necessitate that all regular Guild subscription performances should open in the new theatre, which has sufficient capacity to house the members comfortably within a reasonable period of time. Whether a supplementary season of special performances will be played at the Garrick, or whether the smaller house will be used to take care of plays with the history of *Fata Morgana,* which have passed the first flush of success, but still have enough life in them to justify a decent maintenance in New York, has not yet been settled, but it seems probable that the Garrick will be able to serve both these purposes. And when the time comes to do repertoire, the possession of two theatres will be invaluable.

THERE has been a lot said both for and against the establishment of repertoire in America. But one basic fact has not been sufficiently stressed. There are two kinds of repertory company, one of which is a help to the plays produced and the other a hindrance. Except in the financially disastrous experiment of the New Theatre, the sort of company that is a genuine asset to production has never yet been tried in America. It demands probably a larger number of good actors here than it does in Europe, for two reasons. First, it will require a long time for our actors to develop the amount of versatility achieved by the Continental system of training, and, second, the American audience will probably never concede them the amount of latitude granted by the European. For the playgoer of the younger country still slings with a childlike tenacity

(*Continued on page* 56)

Our Presidents and the Actor

From Washington to Coolidge the Theatre Has Always Had a Strong Hold on the Chief Executive

By MONTROSE J. MOSES

ALL our American Presidents, from George Washington down to Calvin Coolidge, have had more or less intimate acquaintance with theatre folk.

The contrasts between the now and then—both in the character of entertainments to be had in Washington and the theatre-going tastes of Presidents—tells the story of the gradual demoralization of the theatre by present theatre methods. If President Wilson went weekly to Keith's, one can understand that he wanted the lightest entertainment to relieve the strain of official duty, but one can also say that there was at the time very little else than Keith's for the weekly enjoyment of the capital. Recall the pleasure of the Adams family at the theatre, seeing the golden players of the Kemble period; and then note President Taft over the Victrola in the White House or President Coolidge's evenings at home with the radio.

Isolated pictures of the Presidents and the theatre come to mind. No more pathetic scene than Patti singing "The Last Rose of Summer" at the White House for the Lincolns and touching them to tears; no more delightful scene than Grover Cleveland, with Joseph Jefferson, fishing together. I can imagine Richard Mansfield and President Benjamin Harrison spending hours together in friendly intercourse. Mansfield often lunched at the White House; the President often evaded reporters in New York by slipping off to Mansfield's library. In 1892 Mr. Harrison wrote to the actor of his prospective visit to Washington: "Mrs. Harrison and I are looking forward to your return. Our winter in the theatre is now divided into A. M. and P. M., ante-Mansfield and post-Mansfield."

SOME of our Presidents were more than occasional theatregoers. They had their point of view about theatre art and expressed it strongly, even corresponding at times with actors. There has always been the press-agent glamour about the White House. Ever since the days of Barnum, meetings have been "fixed" up for the Chief Executive and the Chief Player to meet. But Phineas was perhaps the most flagrant example of the showman who tried to use the White House for advertising purposes. It was through his manipulation, no doubt, that President Fillmore called and left his card for Jenny Lind; and even we at this late date are quite as much surprised as she was that she had not been "commanded" to attend upon His Excellency instead. There is no picture unfortunately of Barnum and Tom Thumb talking, *en famille*, with President Polk and his wife, or of Lavinia Warren, the little dwarf, who was presented to Grant at the time Stephen Douglas tried to kiss her, much to the shock of her womanhood and the embarrassment of the orator, who mistook her for a child. Barnum even went so far as to hoodwink one of our Presidents, Andrew Johnson, into the belief that he wanted to make of his museum a national institution; and on the supposition that the great fraud was sincere, Johnson gave him letters of command to all consuls to aid him in his collecting, while Grant handed over for the national conglomeration his Civil War campaign hat. In 1864 some Indian warriors visited Lincoln. Barnum got wind of it, bribed the official interpreter to bring them to his museum on the belief that this was part of their official recognition. But the showman became too frequent a manipulator of official life. He entered partisan warfare while Cleveland was running for office and declared that if the Democrat was successful he would sell his real estate at twenty-five cents on the dollar, with the result that the Greatest Show on Earth for the succeeding years found business ruined in the South—the center of Democracy.

Our Presidents had a stronger hold on the theatre than this, however. George Washington was an inveterate lover of the play and of anything that smacked of the showman's art. Abraham Lincoln, who came to his death at an actor's hand, constantly sought the play as a recreation from the toils of a recalcitrant Cabinet.

WHEN the story of Lincoln's theatre-going is completely told, it will present a most dramatic situation of a President trying often, in the solitude of his theatre box, to escape his Cabinet. And into this solitude there broke one night the irate figure of Secretary Stanton, intent on heckling Lincoln with business detail. But the President was not to be disturbed. He leaned over the rail of his box and lost himself in the plot of the drama, and Stanton left. Grover, manager of a Washington theatre, has written of his intimacy with the President—of Lincoln's curiosity as to what was in store for him at the theatre each new season. He describes Lincoln going to the theatre while the Republican Convention was being held in 1864 and receiving news of his nomination there. Few people realize that it was merely a chance which took Lincoln to Ford's Theatre on the fatal evening of his death. He was scheduled to see *Aladdin* at Grover's, but the desire of Mrs. Lincoln to see Laura Keene changed the plans. Wilkes Booth had tried to get a box at Grover's in case of emergency. Fate played into his hands. Grover narrates many interesting anecdotes of Tad Lincoln's love of the theatre, of his appearance once on the stage, and is authority for the statement that the White House held a miniature theatre for the lad to play with. Lincoln had a serious point of view as a theatregoer, but he also had balance on the other side. For Grover asserts that it was for Lincoln that he brought to Washington Hooley's Minstrels.

No theatregoer is more vivid to us in his response to the drama than Washington. We see him blushing at Dunlap's *Darby's Return* in fear that the description of him (by one of the characters) will be more than he can stand of flattery before his face. And we see him laughing at the turn of the situation where no description follows. At a musical play, the great idol pays tribute to Actor Hodgkinson by "the dropping of a tear." Such is the very pith and panoply of the social times.

(*Continued on page* 54)

© *Times Wide World*

President Coolidge honors the players. Here we see Al Jolson (right) and John Drew, on the left of the Chief Executive, as guests of the President and Mrs. Coolidge just prior to election

The brilliant tangos of the graceful and fiery Antonio and the lithe and dainty Nina de Marco are now a feature of George White's *Scandals*

The camera of George Maillard Kesslere captures the elusive loveliness of motion

The popularity of Cortez and Peggy never wanes. Last season dazzling dancers with *Wildflower*, they will be featured this Winter in *Betty Lee*

The Russians, Renoff and Renova, were leading dancers of the last *Vanities*. They will again be featured in one of the new winter revues

DUAL DEVOTEES OF THE DANCE

Three Broadway Shows Are Embellished by These Inspired Priests and Priestesses of the Seventh Muse

Confessions of a Playwright

By SYDNEY ROSENFELD

Author of "The Senator," "The Vanderbilt Cup," etc.

The author

MANY playwrights and actors have written the story of their lives, but none until now has dared write his confessions. Sydney Rosenfeld, a veteran of the American stage, co-author of "The Senator," a comedy which made him and that popular comedian, William H. Crane, famous, has been prominent before the public for over half a century. To-day many new dramatists are writing for the theatre, but there was a time when Bronson Howard, Augustus Thomas and Sydney Rosenfeld supplied the entire output of plays for our stage. Of recent years Mr. Rosenfeld has not been heard from so often, but a little more than a decade ago it was a barren season indeed when half a dozen plays from his prolific and humorous pen did not score hits on Broadway. The playwright has many amusing and interesting anecdotes to relate of the famous stage people he has met and been associated with—players, playwrights, producers—and he tells it all in such a sprightly, delightful manner, with such intimacy of detail, that you get close-ups of these celebrities as you never knew them before. You are also taken behind the scenes in a way only possible in reminiscences of this kind.—EDITOR.

October 11, 1924.

MY DEAR MR. ROSENFELD:
We should like to publish in THEATRE MAGAZINE your "Reminiscences of a Playwright," running them serially, beginning with the January number. By the way, why do you call them "Confessions"? Don't you think that since, literally, the word confessions would imply something incriminating, your readers might be misled?

Very truly yours,
ARTHUR HORNBLOW, *Editor.*

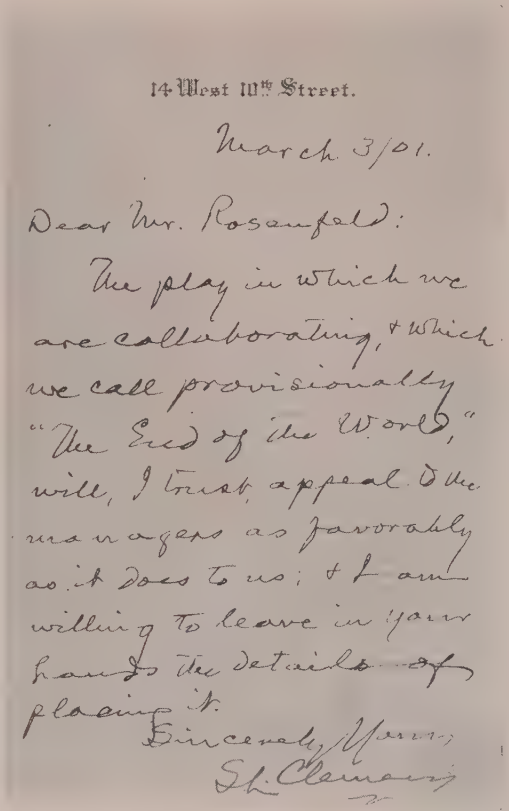
October 12, 1924.

MY DEAR MR. HORNBLOW:
I should prefer to stick to my original title. Although I do not confess to any punishable crime, I still feel that in the intimate recital of my experiences, which include quite as many disastrous as happy ones, I am taking the penitent attitude of a confession. The very fact that I am willing to accept the obloquy that in these days attaches to the craft of play-writing, would imply that I am confessing something in admitting that I am—and always have been—a playwright. I hope you will let me have my way.

Cordially,
SYDNEY ROSENFELD.

A STRING of illustrated weekly and monthly publications was being issued some fifty years ago by one man. His name was Frank Leslie. My earliest recollection is of Frank Leslie's *Boys' and Girls' Weekly*. I had not then become acquainted with the great Frank Leslie himself, nor with his large output, that included the *Illustrated Newspaper* (the only rival at that time to *Harper's Weekly*), *The Chimney Corner, The Ladies' Magazine, The Budget of Fun* and some remaining dozen. But his *Boys' and Girls' Weekly* is more or less responsible for my career—for in that paper, when I was about thirteen years old, there appeared, as the first of a series of "Distinguished Scholars in Our Schools," a wood cut and laudatory write-up of the author of these lines.

JAMES LEWIS
Favorite comedian of the Daly company at the time he appeared in Mr. Rosenfeld's comedy, *The Two Escutcheons*



14 West 11th Street.

March 3/01.

Dear Mr. Rosenfeld:

The play in which we are collaborating, & which we call provisionally "The End of the World," will, I trust, appeal to the managers as favorably as it does to us; & I am willing to leave in your hands the details of placing it.

Sincerely Yours,
S. L. Clemens

A letter from Mark Twain

I don't intend to be more biographical in these humble confessions than shall be necessary to give what Gilbert calls "verisimilitude to my narrative," but if my picture hadn't appeared in Frank Leslie's *Boys' and Girls' Weekly,* and if, armed with that paper, I hadn't gone in search of a job a year later, I might not have found employment in the Leslie establishment, I might not have met the benevolent Mr. Leslie, who gave me far more encouragement than I deserved, nor any of his staff—one of whom, accidentally scanning a screed I had composed, volunteered the statement, "You write good dialogue, don't you?"

But to get back to that first job. When I appeared, unknown, at the *Leslie* establishment, they asked me if I had any letter of recommendation, whereupon I whipped out my copy of the *Boys' and Girls' Weekly* and said artlessly, though convincingly, "You can't go back on that!" And it was so full of kind words that they felt the least they could do was to find a place for me—as office boy—and as such I began work at Frank Leslie's.

Frank Leslie himself was a well-groomed, handsome man in the fifties, with a gray, wavy lock adorning each temple and a benign, gracious manner. The lady whom he afterward married was at that time Mrs. E. G. Squier and in editorial charge of his woman's papers. She was an unusually handsome woman and as gracious as the man she subsequently married and whose name she adopted as a trade-mark when, after Leslie's death, she carried on his enterprise, single-handed.

My first duties, as office boy at *Leslie's,* were to keep track of the wooden blocks of various sizes, handed to the artists to draw upon and afterwards delivered to the engravers to be cut. The artist was as much at the mercy of the engraver in those days as the playwright to-day is at the mercy of the actor. No one who has not written plays can realize how complete and abject a surrender that is. While much gratitude will, of course, well up in the present chronicler's breast for the vital portraitures that have occasionally emerged from his bald writing—still there have been times—but why cast any premature gloom on what is intended to be an optimistic recital of the dramatist's progress?

I had not been in *Leslie's* many months, doing perfunctory and uncongenial chores, when the urge in me that was destined ultimately to bring me before the public and sneak me into the pages of "Who's Who" began to manifest itself. I wanted to write. I don't know why this should have been, I had never

MAXINE ELLIOTT
Famous stage beauty at the time the actress was playing in Mr. Rosenfeld's comedy, *A House of Cards*

written anything before. But everybody around me was either doing it or concerned with illustrating or printing it. And so, like the Irishman who didn't know whether he could play the fiddle because he had never tried, I was determined to experiment.

This was not without its difficulties. I was not paid to write. I was paid to function as an office boy, and it was several years later before the benevolent boss, in a patronizing way, gave me one of his papers to edit. He was publishing so many that he thought he could afford to experiment with one of them. I did not eventually edit the *Boys' and Girls' Weekly*—this would have made a good *dénouement* to my story—but I did the next best thing. I became the editor of Leslie's *Young American*.

AMONG those working with me in those days were Ralph Meeker, afterwards on the *Herald,* Sam McKeever, a brilliant young journalist, with a sense of humor unrivaled by any writer of those days—who died young, but whose advice on humorous writing I never forgot—and Matt Morgan, the famous cartoonist, painter and illustrator, who in later years completely revolutionized the art of lithography and is the father of the works of art that gradually took the place of the cheap theatrical lithographs that for so many years offended the sight on the walls and in the shop windows. It was Ralph Meeker to whom I one day took my piece of innocent fiction, and who, in his laconic way, commented favorably on the dialogue. I had never imagined until then that I had any particular gift in that direction, perhaps that might have been because I was fatuously, though subconsciously convinced that I was gifted in every direction. Fortified, from that moment on, with the belief that I was safe in writing dialogue, I continued to do so—and eventually I had a play performed when I was nineteen years old—whether in justification or repudiation of Ralph Meeker's assessment of my talents my present modesty (an equipment I have since painfully acquired) forbids me to decide for myself.

I read a good many printed plays at that time. French's fifteen-cent books offered a large choice. I was always taken with Madison Morton's farces. Nobody wrote dialogue like his. Although I know that a great deal of it is mechanical, he had a trick of iteration (which I was not long in adopting) which seemed humorous every time it was employed. Even though I have since learned that nearly all of his comic plots were borrowed from the French, he had a way of filtering them through such comic personalities in his plays, and always in such droll language, that I have retained my admiration for him.

Folk

Marie Jansen and Francis Wilson in Sydney Rosenfeld's operetta, *The Oolah,* which was this well-known comedian's first starring vehicle

I wrote my first play for my uncle's birthday. There were to be six of us players, among them two accomplished amateurs, one of whom went on the professional stage later on. When these six gathered together and rummaged French's list for a suitable farce, they could find none that exactly satisfied them. They all wanted equally good parts, and there was always one part better than the rest. That wouldn't do. Each of the men wanted to be as funny as the rest, and each of the ladies as gracious and important. And so I wrote a play. Beyond the requirement that all the parts were to be equally good, I made no conditions with my muse. I turned out a one-act play called *Off the Stage.* It was afterwards incorporated in De Witt's printed series and has been played by probably as many amateurs throughout the country as any of the old-time one-act farces.

It had very little originality. I don't think it was in any sense uproarious, but it skimmed along in an irresponsible way, with its Madison Morton twist, and proved quite a satisfactory vehicle for the ambitious Thespians who shone on that occasion. At all events, I know it pleased my uncle, for he presented me with a gold watch he had been wearing—as a mark of his approval. He thus, unconsciously, awoke in me a greed for recompense in play-writing. I afterward sold a lot of farces to De Witt, who published them all and paid me fifteen dollars apiece for them. So, when I come to think it over, my best bargain was driven with my uncle, who had given me much more than fifteen dollars' worth.

The rewards of play-writing are uncertain. A great many play-writers have grown rich. A great many haven't. And when we stop to consider that though it is true that no other form of literature is so remunerative as a play that succeeds (provided you have the right sort of contract with your manager), no other form is so uncertain and no other so entirely dependent for success on caprice, surroundings, cast and advertisement—all factors separate and apart from the play's merit.

SAM McKEEVER used to say to me, when I was chuckling over some of his comic output:

"Do you know, Sydney, what my idea of humor is?"

I was anxious to know.

"If I were to say a man fell from a roof a thousand feet to the ground, that would not be funny. Nor would it be any funnier if I made it two thousand—but if I added that on landing he fell into a bucket of soap-suds, that would be funny regardless of the number of feet he fell."

I took this to heart. I applied it to play-writing. I decided that mere exaggeration was not humor, but sufficient exaggeration, added to a comic catastrophe, did the trick.

In comedy writing—I use the word comedy in its genteeler sense, as the French use it (nowadays all the atrocious slap-stick stuff of the movies is called comedy)—in genteel comedy writing there is, of course, very little occasion for the horse play of a comic catastrophe, but in travesty writing, to which I devoted myself for some time after

Folk

Scene in Sydney Rosenfeld's comedy, *A Possible Case,* which had a run of a hundred nights on Broadway. *Left to right* are Edward Tannehill, Frank Burbeck, Robert Hilliard, W. H. Thompson, M. A. Kennedy, Genevieve Lytton

my first effort with *Off Stage,* I found Sam McKeever's formula of excellent service.

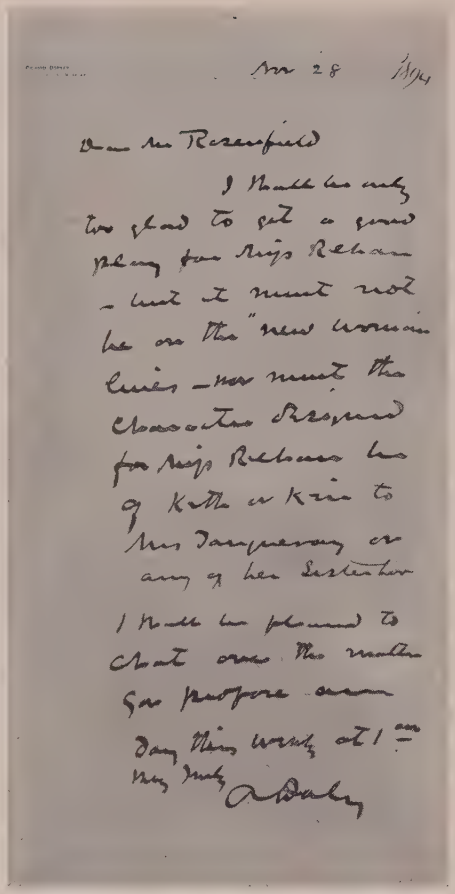
My first production on the professional stage, following a few months after my amateurish effort for my uncle's birthday, occurred at the Eagle Theatre, then situated at Thirty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, where Gimbel's now stands. This was the location for the subsequent Standard Theatre, where many of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas were produced and later on was conducted by Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, under the name of the Manhattan Theatre, at which house he presented his charming and gifted wife, Minnie Maddern Fiske as Leah Kleshna.

It was at the Eagle Theatre that one Josh Hart produced my travesty of the play, *Rose Michel,* one of the current Union Square successes—under the title of *Rosemi Shell.* Matt Morgan was the means of my introduction to Josh Hart. He had been engaged by Hart to paint the background and arrange the tableaux for a series of Living Pictures, one of the early attempts at "Glorifying the American Girl"—as far as the police would permit.

My travesty employed the services of MacDermott, the then famous English comedian, who was a real "buffo" and one of the most famous singers of comic songs in England, only rivaled in popularity by Chevalier, who came later with his great coster songs. Also George Fortescue, a mammoth impersonator of heroines, and Johnny Wild of the famous Harrigan and Hart forces. It was a huge success—and netted me thirty-five dollars—Hart's unvarying price for travesties.

If only it did not cost so much to produce plays—if they could only be shown to the public at no greater expense than a book, what hopes would arise in every playwright's breast that sooner or later his work would find its audience. But I needn't tell my sophisticated readers that unless they storm the box-office the first week of a new play, that new play will not only be old, but dead, the second week—and the erudite work of the poor authors called, let us say, *One of God's Own,* succeeded by the prosperous drivel entitled *Patsy's Slap-Stick.*

THE late A. M. Palmer, one of the best known of our earlier American managers during the eighties, once told me that "the art of theatre management consists in surviving your last failure." A. M. Palmer belonged to the very small class of cultured producers who were more than mere janitors of their theatres. He was the contemporary of Augustin Daly and Lester Wallack. His organization, "The Union Square Theatre Company," shared with the "Daly Company" and the "Wallack Company" the glories of the stock days. I do not use the word "stock" in its since degenerated meaning. Not an organization were old plays after their previous runs in New York are revived for a hurried week by a company that is feverishly employed in changing its bill from week to week and really accomplishes what is almost a feat in simply memorizing the lines. I mean a trained organization of the finest available actors, who after long and strenuous rehearsals gave masterly performances of new plays that ran as long as the public would patronize them.



Characteristic letter from Augustin Daly disclaiming for Miss Rehan all interest in stage heroines of the "new woman" or Mrs. Tanqueray type

When Mr. Palmer gave me his definition of the art of management, he launched a truth that has endured. When we look over the present list of managers, when we see the quick shift of attractions, the unmistakable evidence of mere guess-work in the choice of plays, we must realize that only such men become well-known managers who have the capital to survive their last failures. Mr. Palmer had culture, education and composure that in those days were rarities in the theatre and have been ever since. What he lacked was enterprise and the courage of his convictions. He was never known to have a definite opinion, and if he had one, hardly ever expressed it. He found his profit in producing plays adapted from the French—wherever possible such as had had successful runs in Paris. These were translated for him, first by Hart Jackson, who did a remarkably fine piece of work in *The Two Orphans,* the most stirring melodrama of its day, and afterwards by A. R. Cazauran, whom he kept on a salary for many years. Cazauran not only did the literary work required of him, but stood for such definiteness as was evidenced during the Palmer régime.

Minnie Maddern (Mrs. Fiske) when she was a precocious child actress

---

AS evidence of the reluctance—the almost impossibility—of Mr. Palmer's ever committing himself unqualifiedly to an opinion of his own, I recall a little scene that was enacted in his office on the eve of a production that was announced for his theatre and intended as a starring vehicle for Olga Nethersole. The play was called *The Transgressor.* Palmer had taken Wallack's Theatre and rechristened it "Palmer's." Miss Nethersole had just arrived in this country and was to have been launched by Augustin Daly. But it developed that Mr. Daly's contract with Ada Rehan prohibited him from exploiting any other female star. So arrangements were made for Mr. Palmer's vicarious assumption of the rôle of director. Thus the choice of *The Transgressor* was not his. He had been saddled with it by his contract. He read the play and he thoroughly disapproved of it. That was plain from the tone in which he referred to it and the look of dismay that came over his habitually placid face when he spoke of the forthcoming production, until finally he could contain himself no longer. He assembled his staff and with the script of *The Transgressor* in his hand, he launched forth the following prophecy:

"There is one thing I want to say *right here and now!* If this play is ever produced in Palmer's Theatre, I predict——" He came to a sudden halt. The habit of years silenced any definite prognostication. The voice, which had begun fierce and loud, trailed off into the mildest undertone, and he concluded with the words, "I shall be anxious to see what the papers will say." *The Transgressor,* of course, was a failure, but that is neither here nor there.

For obvious reasons I am paying little attention to chronology in these rambling remarks. What I have related above occurred many years after I had given up *Leslie's* and every other avenue of literary endeavor save that of playwriting. When I severed my connection with *Leslie's* and, in point of fact, when the Leslie output was being considerably curtailed, and his plan of duplicating his publications had proved almost disastrous, I found employment on the daily papers. I was at different times a reporter on the *Times,* the *Sun* and the *World.*

Through all these 'prentice years there

AMONG THE FORTY MORTALS OF STAGE AND SCREEN

Figures from Wynn's caricature panorama painted by him for the new "Music Box Revue"—with special score composed for the moving pictures by Irving Berlin. From left to right, top row: Mr. Hornblow (going to the Play), Galli-Curci, Gatti-Cazzaza, Rosa Ponselle. (2nd row) Pola Negri, Alexander Woollcott, Lillian Gish, Gloria Swanson. (Bottom row) S. Jay Kaufman, "The Miracle" Nuns, Rose Rolando, Avery Hopwood, Ann Pennington

seems to have run a red line of steady purpose, to devote myself to the theatre, and therefore attributing as I do, comparatively little importance to my work in those days, I cannot expect to excite my reader over it. I practically concluded my journalistic career when I was twenty-one, but even during this time my affiliations with the theatre were brought into service by some assignments that were given me on the New York *World* by the then city editor, Mr. Julian Ralph.

An item having been published that some Fenian or other, whose name I have forgotten, had been released from an English jail, and it having been recalled by the editor that Dion Boucicault, the renowned Irish actor and playwright, had at one time or other been interested in liberating this Fenian, I was sent to interview Dion Boucicault on the subject.

———

BOUCICAULT was a great man in those days, and by those who respect antiquity his play, *London Assurance,* is still regarded as a classic, although if you have read your Edgar Allan Poe you will know with what contempt, even in his day, he viewed the jumble of shallow artifices which Boucicault had gathered together under the name of "original comedy." But *London Assurance* held its own for many years alongside of the masterpieces of the English stage.

Boucicault was, during a long and not so remote period, the most prominent and successful dramatist writing in the English language. Many of his plays may have been adaptations from the French, and his literary honesty is still debatable, but he was a master of his craft. One of his few original plays (and he was most original when he wrote plays of Ireland) was *The Shaughraun,* which made a record at Wallack's Theatre, then at the corner of Thirteenth Street and Broadway, where it ran to overwhelming receipts for many months. He himself played the title-rôle, an Irish ne'er-do-well.

This same Boucicault, later in life, became the dramaturge of the Madison Square Theatre when Palmer had it. He took Cazauran's place. That was when Boucicault's renown had somewhat faded. But at the time I was sent to interview him he was at the zenith of his success and the greatest man I had ever encountered. So it was with something like awe that I was ushered into his presence.

He listened to my modest mission; namely, to get him to talk about the released Fenian. The subject did not appeal to him at all. In fact, he seemed to have forgotten all about it. But he was not going to miss the opportunity of getting his name into a printed interview. He was the father of the famous axiom, "Better to be abused than to be ignored."

He told me he didn't consider the Fenian subject a very fertile one, but as he was on his way to a rehearsal of *Clarissa Harlowe,* which he had dramatized from Richardson's novel for Wallack's Theatre —I could, if I liked, write up the rehearsal and weave in as much or as little as I chose about the Fenian. He would leave that part of it to my own ingenuity.

When I reported at the editor's desk at the *World* office that night I delivered a story that didn't contain more than a thimbleful about the Fenian, but it gave a full-length account of an attempt to interview a hectic playwright on an entirely foreign subject while his whole brain, his energy and his enthusiasm were employed elsewhere.

My report appeared in print, and, strange to relate, it escaped the blue pencil. The night desk gave it the heading, "Mr. Boucicault BUSY!" and they couldn't have better named it.

With purposeful inappropriateness the reporter is made to ask some fool question

Dion Boucicault, at the time Mr. Rosenfeld was sent to interview him, was the biggest figure in the American theatre. He is seen here in one of his most famous characters, Con, in *The Shaughraun*

about the Fenian while Boucicault is explaining some intricate piece of "business" to his actors. Then, after a curt word or two in response to the reporter, Boucicault turns back to his important task, apparently oblivious of the Fenian. And so on along these lines until the big fire scene occurs in the last act, when *Clarissa* (Rose Coghlan) and *Lovelace* (Charles Coghlan) and the cast of other characters are frantically rushing about the stage—the fire leaping through the walls—shouts following upon shouts, and each so timed by the great director so that no dramatic value shall be lost. It is at this dreadful moment that the faithful ass of a reporter is made to ask blandly of the frenzied Boucicault: "Just about what year do you think it was that the Fenian——" to which the frantic reply is hurled by Boucicault, "To hell with the Fenian!"

Now what made this fictitious recital seem real was that I reproduced the method and manner of the man rehearsing—his glib prattle that sounded at times very much like one talking to himself with an Irish brogue, and above all, the familiar way he had of addressing the noted members of the company, as, for instance, calling the great Lester Wallack John. (I had never known before that Wallack's Christian name was John.) A later search of the old play bills established the fact that he had played under the name of J. Lester Wallack. And the "J" was explained. And the programs of a still earlier date had him billed as only John Lester, when as a comparatively unknown man he had played in support of his father, the original Wallack in this country.

Lester Wallack was one of the handsomest, most adroit and fascinating actors on the American stage. It seems but yesterday that I sat under his spell as he strode through his part, the very picture of romance and lovableness. I was only a boy and Lester was in his ripe manhood, but he defied age to the last and was always a pleasure to the eye. Though, of course, my youth may have had a great deal to do with the aura in which I enveloped him, my critical verdict after the lapse of years leads me to the conclusion that we have no young actor to-day who quite takes his place. He was equally at home in light comedy and romance. He had polish and distinction, and with it all a humorous resourcefulness rare indeed in a leading man. Harry Beckett, who was long engaged as the avowed comedian of the Wallack company, once said to me, "I have all I can do, when I play a scene with the Guv'nor, to keep my end up!" I must admit, however, that in strictly serious rôles—straight parts as we call them—though he never failed to charm the sight, he became more self-conscious and a little artificial.

———

ROSEDALE was one of the romantic plays that caught my boyish fancy. It was a shallow and purely theatrical contrivance of scenes, but what a part it gave Lester, and how the public "ate it up"!

But returning to the life of the young reporter, it was borne in upon me during those days that our future dramatists might be recruited from these humble, hard-working representatives of the press. Their duties lead them into all walks of life; they are naturally forced to study and delineate character; they encounter *real* life, such as we want depicted on the stage, and they are unhampered by the requirements of "bookish" literature—which, strange to say, is an encumbrance in the modern theatre. I have watched the progress of our native drama for many years, and what I thought possible in my youth has since materialized. Some of our best known American playwrights have served an apprenticeship as reporters—the most notable example being Mr. Augustus Thomas.

But I soon wearied of reporting and did not hesitate when I was offered the editorship of *Puck,* now about to launch an edition in English. I did not plume myself upon any particular skill as an editor, despite the fact that I had already assumed at so early an age such a function at *Leslie's.* My first step, therefore, was to secure the

(*Continued on page* 50)

Ira L. Hill

LENORE ULRIC: CANADIAN, CHINESE, FRENCH, AND NOW HUNGARIAN

Belasco's Brilliant Star of "Tiger-Rose," "The Sun-Daughter" and "Kiki," now appearing in "The Harem," an Adaptation by Avery Hopwood of Vajda's Latest Comedy

Act I. Maurepas (*Oscar Figman*) tries to trap his enemy, Mme. Pompadour, but the king's favorite is too clever for him

Act. I. Calicot (*Florenz Ames*) tells Mme. Pompadour (*Wilda Bennett*) that he prefers the Bastille to writing plays for the king

Act II. Mme. Pompadour (center) attires Réné's wife (*Eva Clark*, left) in a charming gown so she may recapture her unfaithful husband. (*Leeta Corder* on the right)

"MADAME POMPADOUR" AT THE NEW MARTIN BECK THEATRE

Charm and Distinction the Salient Features of the Far-Famed European Operetta

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

Madame Pompadour

Play with music in two acts. Adaptation by Clare Kummer. Music by Leo Fall. Book and lyrics by Rudolph Schanzer and Ernst Welisch. Produced by Martin Beck and Charles Dillingham at the Martin Beck Theatre on November 11, with the following cast:

Madame de Pompadour, Wilda Bennett; Louis XV, Frederick Lewis; Count D'Estrades, John Quinlan; Madeleine, Eva Clark; Belotte, Wanda Lyon; Joseph Calicot, Florenz Ames; Maurepas, Oscar Figman; Poulard, Louis Harrison; Prunier, Edgar Kent; Collin, Henry Vincent; Boucher, Raymond Cullen; Tourelle, Curt Peterson; Austrian Ambassador, Edgar Kent.

WITH New York's plethora of playhouses, a new theatre, to assure itself of a place on the metropolitan map, must be something out of the ordinary. The new Martin Beck Theatre, on Forty-fifth Street, just west of Eighth Avenue, is all that and considerably more. Byzantine in type, the combination of the severe and the florid is handled with a firm grasp, and the result is a theatre of magnificent sweep, delightful in the spaciousness of its corridors and perfect in the comfort of its seats, with their absolutely unobstructed view of the stage. Perfect, too, are its acoustic properties. The Emperor Constantine himself, if present in the spirit, must have been pleased with the way Albert Herter in his treatment of the walls and ceiling brought into wondrous relief the bizarre effects of the Eastern architecture of the fourth century.

Into such a setting it was proper that the initial offering should be one of worth and distinction. *Madame Pompadour,* the play with music in two acts, with an American book by Clare Kummer and music by Leo Fall, composer of the immortal score of *The Merry Widow,* brings forward the qualities so desired.

Many of our learned critics were captiously indifferent to the whole production. I can only attribute it to the fact that so fed up on jazz, with its cacophonous dissonances, they do not recognize lilt, rhythm, melody and elegance when they hear it. Nor are they satisfied with the book, which lacks an excess of slap-stick and a plenitude of sex complexes.

Fall's music is charmingly brilliant and delicate, a perfect adaptation to the spirit of luxurious magnificence that prevailed in the days of the dissolute Louis XV. The first act of the book is exceedingly good in its snap, bustle and active picturesqueness. The lines, too, are bright, but the second act needs sharpening up, which it will undoubtedly secure as the players become more positive in their work. Costumes and settings are superlatively handsome and the cast competent throughout and in particulars excellent.

Wilda Bennett, who literally jumped into the title-rôle at a moment's notice, is theatrically and pulchritudinously a most effective figure. Her voice is sweet, if not very robust, and her comedy crisp and neat. In Pompadour's hours of relaxation she is perhaps more effective than in the more studied poses of the final act. John Quinlan, the tenor, does not make a very romantic figure as the lover, but he sings well. There is comic authority in Oscar Figman's acting as Maurepas, and as his assistant Louis Harrison, the veteran, is incisively humorous. Florenz Ames, as the poet Calicot, showed himself as a comedian of fine comic resources and sprightliness.

"What Price Glory" and the American Soldier

Governor's Island, N. Y., *November 17, 1924.*

Mr. Arthur Hornblow:

Dear Sir: I want you to know with what pleasure I read your review of *What Price Glory* in the November number of Theatre Magazine. You hit the nail exactly on the head, and of all the score or more of reviews I have read, yours was the first one to show real penetration and courage.

I went to this show largely out of curiosity, and the line that drew most applause on this night was the following: "Will I fight? Of course I will; this is the first reason I have had to fight for the last six months." This was the culmination of the brawl between the captain and the sergeant and was calculated to show that the American soldier's heart was not in his fight in the World War.

As one who served throughout the entire war, I must emphatically protest against any such sentiment. While it may have been in the hearts of a few who wore our uniform, it was not representative of the American Army and, furthermore, no army ever won any war with such defeatist sentiment eating at its vitals.

Again I would say that on your analysis, on this one play alone, you have shown rare discrimination and have established a reputation as the best of play critics. Keep up the good work.

Very truly yours,

A. G. Rudd.

Peter Pan

Fantasy in three acts by James M. Barrie. Revived by Charles Dillingham at the Knickerbocker Theatre November 6, with the following cast:

Liza, Carol Chase; Nana, Thomas Bell; Michael Darling, Jack Grattan; Mrs. Darling, Violet Kemble Cooper; Wendy, Dorothy Hope; John Darling, Charles Eaton; Mr. Darling, Wilfred Seagram; Tinker Bell, Jane Wren; Peter Pan, Marilyn Miller; Tootles, Virginia Smith; Slightly, Donald Searle; Curly, Mary Corday; 1st Twin, Sylvia Darling; 2nd Twin, Harriet Darling; Nibs, Maureen Dilon; Jas. Hook, Leslie Banks; Starkey, Victor Tandy; Smee, Edward Rigby; Cecco, Carl Rosa.

A NEW generation of children has sprung up since this delightful fantasy, written by Barrie and with Maude Adams as the initial interpreter of the elfish, wistful boy who refused to grow up, was first given to the world in a New York theatre.

The late William Winter was one of the few critics, at the time of the original production, who did not like the play. He saw nothing in it. To him it was foolish and meaningless nonsense. He was wrong. Possibly he never had a childhood. Since then *Peter Pan* has taken its place with *Alice in Wonderland, Robinson Crusoe* and other famous juvenile classics. For this play is of the very essence of youth, epitomizing as it does in its three acts all that childhood holds dear. As a work of imaginative literature it is imperishable. Its scenes, characters and dialogue are as fresh and true now as when first conceived, for child-life does not change with the years as in the case of older folk. The illusions of childhood, the speech and frolics of the nursery, remain the same to-day as in the days of Julius Cæsar.

This play will delight and satisfy children for generations to come because it confirms the childish conviction that really there are fairies, that houses can be built in two minutes out of nothing at all, that witches do indeed ride on broomsticks, that while a crocodile may swallow a pirate captain, the horrid beast cannot stomach the iron hook of his crippled hand, that nothing is easier than for Nana, the big shaggy collie dog, to put the children to bed, and that it is the most natural thing in the world for Wendy and her little brothers to fly out through their bedroom window when, after listening with rapture to Peter Pan's glowing description of his wonderful home in the woods, they decide to leave nurse and mamma and accompany him to the Never, Never Land.

As to the acting, it was in the main adequate. One naturally misses Maude Adams in the title-rôle. No other actress, so much as she, could give forth that elfish, wistful, mischievous personality so essential to the part. Yet good as was Miss Adams, I always thought it a mistake to have this boy's part played by an actress. At best, a woman is only a make-believe boy. The rôle is necessarily weakened and the spirit and the meaning of the character entirely lost.

Marilyn Miller's Peter Pan is somewhat disappointing. This actress, although long and deservedly popular in a long string of Broadway successes, does not quite measure up to her present part. Her performance is weakened by the unescapable suggestion of too much sophistication. The youthful appeal and imaginative quality of the rôle seems to elude her. Miss Miller has indeed good looks, a slender, boyish figure, a winning personality, yet some indefinite thing is lacking. Precisely that undefinable quality which was always one of Maude Adams' greatest assets—that elusive, virginal, diaphanous, elfish personality, that indescribable charm of voice and manner—a charm that was irresistible and no one could explain, for it had nothing to do with great or even unusual acting ability, and yet which made her the most popular actress of her time.

Don't fail to take your little son and daughter to see *Peter Pan.* Not to do so might well be classed as a crime against childhood, of which the S. P. C. C. would be justified in taking cognizance.

The Second Mrs. Tanqueray

Drama in three acts by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, revived at the Cort Theatre on October 27 by Arthur Hopkins, with the following cast:

Aubrey Tanqueray, Henry Daniell; Paula, Ethel Barrymore; Ellean, Helen Robbins; Cayley Drummle, Lionel Pape; Mrs. Cortelyou, Jane Wheatley; Captain Hugh Ardale, Geoffrey Savill; Gordon Jayne, M.D., Mortimer White; Frank Misquith, Q.C.M.P., J Colvil Duan; Sir George Orreyed, Bart, G. P. Huntley; Lady Orreyed, Margot Kelly.

ETHEL BARRYMORE has a large contingent of admirers ever ready to pay homage if she has anything in the way of a satisfactory drama to offer. This year at the Cort she comes well fortified, for she has resorted to a revival of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.* Nearly thirty years old, Pinero's drama is practically fresh to the new generation. It wears well. It is a finely moving, well-knit play of the tragic consequences that almost invariably result when the conventional marries the demi-monde. How curious it is to reflect the moral hubhub that was aroused when the play was first acted in this city with the matronly and impeccably virtuous Mrs. Kendal as the fascinating, wanton Paula. Since her, Mrs. Pat Campbell, wonderful in the part; Olga Nethersole and Mrs. Carter have all appeared in the rôle, but for the expression of youthful beauty and charm none has surpassed the Paula of Miss Barrymore.

Miss Barrymore is progressing in her art all the time. Her vocal range has become enlarged, her expression of the niceties of movement, mental and physical, has advanced with surety and intellectual authority. She has become an actress in the true sense of the word, a player with a firm and engagingly wide technique. Something more shrewish and vindictive in her hours of discontent is where Miss Barrymore differs from her predecessors, but she is voicing a legitimate conclusion that there was a common streak beneath Paula's social veneer. The pathetic preliminaries to her suicide are movingly expressive.

Aubrey Tanqueray is somewhat colorless save in the last act. In that crisis Henry Daniell was unequaled. That pleasingly casual *raisonneur,* Cayley Drummle, was sympathetically presented by Lionel Pape, while the dissolute Orreyed and his music-hall wife were acted with humorous suggestion by G. P. Huntley and Margot Kelly.

Clara Fargo Thomas' scenic scheme deserves praise for its artistic discretion.

The Rising Son

Comedy in three acts by J. C. Nugent and Elliott Nugent. Produced by Marc Klaw, Inc., at the Klaw Theatre October 27, with the following cast:

Miss Gray, Marie Curtis; Willis, Thomas MacLarnie; Bess Colfax, Ruth Nugent; Ted Alamayne, Elliott Nugent; Mrs. Malone, Mary Shaw; Jim Alamayne, J. C. Nugent; Madge, Helen Carew; Mr. Peterson, Edward Fielding.

FOR such theatregoers as enjoy the home-made-pie sort of play, *The Rising Son,* by the authors of the successful *Kempy,* may be just the kind of entertainment they like. On the present reviewer the piece made about the same gloomy impression as a mess of pork and beans served on the near-epicurean, paper-napkined tables of Childs. The language spoken by the characters, while unraveling the wholly colorless and uninteresting plot, may have been English, but as enunciated by some of the *dramatis personæ*—exception made, of course, of that fine and distinguished actress, Mary Shaw, whom I grieved to see in such surroundings—it sounded suspiciously like Choctow. The nasal elocutionary efforts of Elliott Nugent, who played the love-sick Ted, outdid George M. Cohan at his best.

The story? About as satisfying and important as a sardine sandwich. Jim Alamayne, an alleged author who admits he's illiterate, has ambitions for his son, Ted. He has sent the boy to college and hopes with his aid to become himself a famous author. But Ted has other plans than to pull Pa's chestnuts from the fire. He is in love with Bess, the niece of his landlady, and he is also scheming to do something on his own hook. Hence clash between father and son, which, helped along by generous potations of pre-war hooch, is productive of a little humor and a vast amount of befuddled verbiage. Make what you can of it. In any case, it will be probably more than I did.

Mme. Simone in Repertoire

BY this time no doubt Anne Nichols, who won her managerial spurs and incidentally a fortune by giving Broadway that never-to-be-forgotten classic, *Abie's Irish Rose,* has discovered that bringing coals to Newcastle is seldom a profitable operation. This apropos of the American engagement at the Henry Miller Theatre of Mme. Simone, a distinguished French actress, who deservedly enjoys a big following on the Parisian stage, but who here ranks no higher than a dozen native actresses on whom less printer's ink is spilt.

It is always perilous for an actress to invite comparisons with other artists who have won triumphs in certain rôles. When that other artist happens to be a Bernhardt, the experiment is almost disastrous. For this reason, if for no other, Mme. Simone's selection of Rostand's *L'Aiglon* for her New York *rentrée* was unfortunate. Her performance of the Eaglet was a study in pointlessness, from her uninspired interpretation of the eaglet to her uneven arrangement of the play itself. When Bernhardt played Napoleon's melancholy heir, her divine voice and genius lifted her beyond the limitations of a woman playing the rôle of a boy of seventeen. But Mme. Simone had no such assistance. Her histrionic gift is no better than many of our own actresses. Indeed, not as effective as some who would never dream of invading the *terre sacrée* where the French actress futilely wanders. Her voice is not suited to the poetry of Rostand and her portrayal of the Duc de Reichstag was a matter of rather monotonous routine and conventional stage business. Consequently, it wasn't altogether an unmixed misfortune when Mme. Simone deleted two whole acts and played through an abbreviated *L'Aiglon,* leaving the audience with much the same impression had they witnessed a performance of *Romeo and Juliet,* where the lovers' death scene follows upon the balcony episode.

The performance, however, was not without its touch of inspiration. Raoul-Henry gave a striking picture of Flambeau, and Mlle. Grumbach, who played Marie Louise, was excellent. Most of the cast slipped from good to bad and back again, as the mood was on them. But, *bref,* Mme. Simone's production of *L'Aiglon* can hardly claim to being more than a *succès d'estime.*

Later, Mme. Simone was seen in Pirandello's drama, *Naked.* This piece, originally titled *Vestire Gli Ignudi* (Clothe Those Who Are Naked), was first written in Italian and translated from that language into French by Benjamin Cremieux. Perhaps it weakened in the process. But it is also possible that Pirandello's play never stood up very strong on its Italian legs. The wonder is that Mme. Simone bothered with it at all.

The central figure is purely a psychological case. The three acts revolve about her vagaries. A young governess drinks poison in a public square. The newspapers take up her story, and soon she is an object of universal pity. The imagination of a celebrated novelist is fired by her seemingly tragic story, and he brings her home with him, intending to build up a novel about her. The young girl is delighted with the type of heroine he intends to create and decides to make him believe she is her counterpart. After she weaves a fabric of lies about herself and her past, two men appear who change the pattern. She has been the mistress of both, and is soon revealed as a woman of loose morals with a glamorous imagination. Caught in her mesh of lies, the girl takes poison again and then confesses that her life has been bitter and disappointing. In death she wishes to clothe herself with respectability, and for this reason she pretended that she was an honored fiancée. But life has defeated her again. She must die in all her ugly shame, naked as always.

Mme. Simone's rôle was saturated with tears. The woman she portrayed was not a sympathetic type and apparently had no redeeming features. In the last act Mme. Simone has a fifteen-minute death scene, when all the members of the cast stand about listening to the poisoned girl's dying gasps without so much as pushing a pillow under her head or offering her a bottle of smelling-salts. Instead of being tragic, the scene bordered closely on the grotesque.

As the heroine of Sardou's well-known play, *Mme. Sans-Gêne*—a piece as buoyant and full of crisp humor to-day after three decades as when it was first written—in which the actress was seen as the laundress who afterwards became Duchess of Danzig, Mme. Simone appeared to better advantage. Her undeniable gift of comedy, her jocund, attractive personality, added to keen intelligence and a sure flair for the theatre, gave her interpretation all the value of an original creation.

Alloy

Play in three acts by Robert Ritz. Presented by Lee Kugel at the Princess Theatre, with the following cast:

Pansy Jorgan, Minna Gombell; Bill Jorgan, Byron Beasley; Mrs. Rafferty, Mattie Keene; Flash Quigley, Milton Nobles, Jr.; Marie Rafferty, Jill Middleton; John Walton, Ivan Miller.

THERE was not enough dramatic material in this piece on which to build a play. A steel worker and his wife spend their leisure hours fighting. Along comes a slick boarder. The wife falls in love with him. And, in the last act, the boarder punches the husband's nose, and the disgruntled wife and the victorious boarder depart, arm in arm. The first five minutes of the play showed promise. The sordid

Angela, the famous goldsmith's model (*Eden Grey*), is so lovely to look upon that all succumb to her charms, including her employer and the reigning duke

To rescue his model, Angela, from the attentions of the lecherous Duke Alessandro, Benvenuto Cellini (*Joseph Schildkraut*) accepts from the Duchess the key of her bedchamber

Goldberg

Duke Alessandro (*Frank Morgan*) enjoys the power of a despotic monarch, but never takes his exalted position too seriously so long as wenches are willing

The Duchess (*Nana Bryant*), neglected by her husband, finds Cellini most fascinating and invites him to come to her boudoir at midnight

The Duke's cousin, Ottaviano (*E. G. Robinson*) next in succession, would like nothing so much as to see Alessandro murdered, and he does not hesitate to propose the bloody business to Cellini

"THE FIREBRAND" SCORES AT THE MOROSCO THEATRE

Merriment, Thrills and Color in a Joyous Historical Comedy

interior of the steel worker's home made an effective set. Real potatoes fry in a skillet filled with real and malodorous fat, and there is a pot of steaming and not too fragrant coffee on the stove.

But after that good beginning everything fell flat. The wife, as played by Minna Gombell, was too shrewish and unpleasant. When the drunken husband came home and got peevish, the sympathy somehow swerved in his direction.

This rôle of the bestial steel worker was admirably drawn by Byron Beasley. Mattie Keene, as the philosophical Irish woman, and Jill Middleton, as her cute daughter, were effective in their separate rôles. But *Alloy* was a dramatic mixture which did not survive long on Broadway.

Simon Called Peter

Play in three acts, from the novel of Robert Keable, by Jules Eckert Goodman and Edward Knoblock. Produced by William A. Brady at the Klaw Theatre November 10, with this cast:

Peter Graham, Leonard Willey; Wilkins, John Barry; Madeleine, June Webster; Hilda Lessing, Evelyn Wight; George Lessing, Carson Davenport; Lieut. Bobby Jenks, H. Tyrrell Davis; Lieut. Pennel, Riccardo de Sylva; Captain Fraser, Harry Ullock; Captain Mackaye, Henry Crosby; Captain Drayton, John Gray; Captain Curry, Richard Simson; Lieut. Jones, George Fuller; Private Sharp, Harold de Becker; Lieut. Donovan, William Edwin Barry; Major Langton, Herbert Bunston; Julie Gamelyn, Catherine Willard; Tommy Raynard, Josephine Evens; Louise, Lota Sanders.

HERE is a weird combination of torridity and theatricality, a wholly artificial and tawdrily sentimental drama and yet probably a box-office success!

Most plays dramatized from novels suffer in the reincarnation. This one, put together from Robert Keable's war novel by the same name, is no exception. In addition, it is dressed up with added daring scenes which I do not recall as chapters in the book.

There is, for instance, the harlot Madeleine, camp hanger-on, who tries to seduce, or shall I say attack, the minister in a horrible scene in which she tears off her gown to show him the vulgar flesh which repels him. And at the end there is the atrocious epilogue, in which the minister stands in his pulpit and preaches after his week of indulgence at a London hotel with his mistress, during which homily the mistress dashes down the aisle and up to the pulpit and into the arms of her lover.

With a few exceptions, this hundred-per-cent. sex play is poorly acted. The ambiguous character of the war nurse, evidently conceived by the novelist as neither very good nor very bad, somehow doesn't match the woman in the play, in physical appearance at any rate, as readers of the novel must have visualized her. Julie of the book was daring, loving, piquant, a bit flippant and ironical. Catherine Willard's conception of her is a gay young rounder out for a lark among the trenches. Leonard Willey, as the minister, does not create the picture of a man groping in a spiritual fog for the effective way in which to help his brother man. He appears rather as a weak male better equipped by nature to grace a cabaret than a pulpit.

Herbert Bunstan as the philosophical British major, the lad who is killed in the air raid and the Scotch captain, who happily had not forgotten his "trues" when he put on his kilt, have only minor rôles, but play them exceptionally well.

The Eugene O'Neill Plays

S. S. Glencairn: Four episodes of the sea by Eugene O'Neill. Produced at the Provincetown Playhouse November 3. Cast:

Yank, Sidney Machet; Driscoll, Lawrence Cecil; Olson, Walter Abel; Davis, Harold McGee; Cocky, Walter Kingsford; Smitty, E. J. Ballantine; Ivan, James Meighan; Swanson, Samuel Selden; Scotty, Archie Sinclair; Paul, Abraham Krainis; The Captain, Edgar Stehli; The First Mate, Lewis Barrington.

THESE four plays, though never before given on a single bill, were so intended to be presented, and the Provincetown Players have rendered a service to the English-speaking drama by so giving them.

They are of distinctly unequal merit, yet none of them could have been written by anyone other than O'Neill. The best by far is *In the Zone,* because it, and it alone of the four, possesses something more than a mere faithful photographic representation of life. Perhaps an exception, too, should be made in the case of *The Moon of the Caribbees,* for though the earliest and theatrically weakest of the group, it is informed with a poetry lacking in the others. *The Long Voyage Home* is a somber episode laid in a London sailor's dive and pictures the shanghaiing of a Swedish sailor. *Bound East for Cardiff* is one long death scene, skillful enough of its kind, but in essence simply a slice of life.

In the Zone, however, has a dramatic story —that of a sailor on a ship passing through the submarine zone, whose box of love letters is mistaken by his shipmates for a bomb—a story shot through with an ironic comment on life and character over and above the mere detail of the story. But the cumulative effect of these four little dramas is what is really important. It shows the advance of O'Neill as a dramatic artist and an interpreter of human emotion. Without them *Anna Christie* and *The Hairy Ape* would have been impossible.

The acting and the production were alike admirable. Special words of praise should be said for Sidney Matchet's *Yank,* for Walter Abel's *Olson* and for the *Freda* of Helen Freeman. The parts were all quite frankly types, but they were finely differentiated by the various players who interpreted them.

Desire Under the Elms: A play in three parts by Eugene O'Neill. Produced at the Greenwich Village Theatre on November 11. Cast:

Simeon Cabot, Allen Nagle; Peter Cabot, Perry Ivins; Eben Cabot, Charles Ellis; Ephraim Cabot, Walter Huston; Abbie Putnam, Mary Morris; A Young Girl, Eloise Pendleton; A Fiddler, Macklin Marrow; An Old Woman, Norma Millay; A Sheriff, Walter Abel; Deputies, Arthur Mack, William Stahl.

EUGENE O'NEILL'S latest play is not one of his most successful, because it is one of his least sincere. His main idea is a truly tragic one. The story of a New England farm, of a tyrannical father, of a son haunted by the memory of his dead mother, and then suddenly swept away by passion for his father's newest bride, lends itself to dramatic treatment to an extraordinary degree.

O'Neill, alone among American wrights, possesses the tragic temperament. knows the people of the spare N- irms nearly as well as he kn- sea. If we were speak' wright, we could ver- *the Elms* down as an interesting and someti powerful drama, but with O'Neill we that. He has set for us a higher star. judgment, and to that we must hold him. We do not ask him to ignore the theatre, but we do ask him not to allow the theatre to swamp his view of life. We do ask him to be true to himself.

It was announced on the program that *Desire Under the Elms* was directed by Robert Edmond Jones and that Mr. Jones also painted the scenery. This fact is not without significance. Mr. Jones, like Mr. Macgowan, director of the Provincetown Players, is a believer in "the new art of the drama," which, to judge from Mr. Macgowan's books, means the supremacy of scenery and lighting. In *Desire Under the Elms* Mr. Jones has produced a sort of doll's house in which the front wall is removed in sections, showing the different rooms inside. This gives an opportunity for dividing the action up into a number of scenes, some of which are played simultaneously.

This is, of course, the ideal of the believers in the new scenic art, the art which is to eliminate the actor and the play. In the case of *Desire Under the Elms* it at times very nearly succeeded, at least in the case of the play. Mr. O'Neill, under the impetus of Mr. Jones' scenery, began hopping about his action from room to room and cluttering it up with unnecessary and often totally extraneous detail. The result was that he both muddled his main theme and often became grossly theatrical. Our one real dramatist owes it both to us and to himself not to be caught up into the net of the believers in "the new art." Let Mr. O'Neill realize that the scene painter is a very much less important person than either the dramatist or the actor and one to be kept strictly in his place.

Mary Morris as the somber, sensual, passionate bride, gave a performance of supreme poignancy and power. She was aided perhaps by the fact that, alone of the characters, that of Abbie Putnam rang consistently true, but granting this, Miss Morris made it peculiarly her own. It was a performance which will not soon be forgotten. Walter Huston as the father and Charles Ellis as the son were vital, though at times, through no fault of their own, unreal.

Annie Dear

Musical comedy in two acts. Book, music and lyrics by Clare Kummer. Produced by Florenz Ziegfeld at the Times Square Nov. 4. Cast:

Muriel Darling, Marjorie Peterson; Alec, Spencer Bentley; Lottie, May Vokes; Wenceslaus Wickham, Edward Allen; James Ludgate, Spencer Charters; George Wimbledon, Ernest Truex; Titcomb, John Byam; Twilly, Bobby Watson; Ethel Deane, Phyllis Cleveland; Wilbur Jennings, Alexander Gray; Gwen Morley, Mary Lawler; Alfred Weatherby, Jack Whiting; Mr. Gosling, Frank Kingdon; John Rawson, Marion Green; Harry Murchison, Gavin Gordon; Annabelle Leigh, Billie Burke.

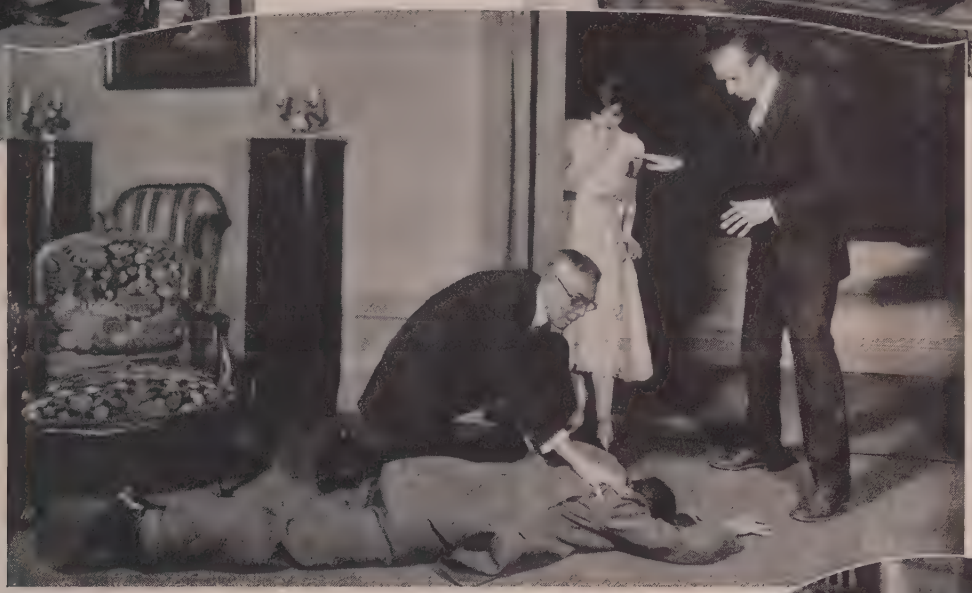
THE average musical comedy is a formless, fearsome thing. Witless dialogue, pointless plot, smirking prima donnas, dull comedians, a mechanical stereotyped chorus, male and female —this is the dose one expects and usually gets. But when Ziggy has a finger in the pie and the cast happens to be headed by a Billie Burke, it's different. One immediately realizes that in the right hands the musical play can be made very enjoyable entertainment.

The book follows pretty faithfully the old *Good Gracious, Annabelle.* Clare Kummer has added some tuneful music and brightened the dialogue considerably. But it's what Ziegfeld

(*Continued on page* 58)

Jim (*Mr. Warner*) shows his daughter (*Flora Sheffield*) how the Fair men operate the shell game

The district attorney (*John Stokes*) offers Jim (*H. B. Warner*) his freedom if he will say who killed Silvers, but Jim prefers the electric chair



Phil Powers (*Frederick Perry*) stoops to find the blackmailer (*John Wray*) dead. Only Jim and Norma know who shot him

The false priest (*H. Cooper Cliffe*) gets Jim to confess, and Father Ryan (*John Lyons*) has to hold the infuriated condemned man back when he discovers the imposture

Norma (*Miss Sheffield*) tells her father that she will not let him suffer for her crime

"SILENCE" AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE

Thrills, Emotion and Good Comedy in a New Max Marcin Melodrama

Actor Folk Lusty Trenchermen

"Sit Down and Feed" Commanded Shakespeare and the Players Obey the Bard with Zest

By ARCHIE BELL

THE best way to interview them is to feed them—or let them feed you. Actor folk seem forever hungry. The willowy and soulful actoreen who talks about Maeterlinck's dreamy fantasies, about the shimmering tones of Debussy or the lines in a Picasso, likes to do it while she is manipulating a *filet mignon* garnished with a tomato, peas and asparagus. The gentleman who plays Hamlet, the unappreciated Russian violinist, the poet starving in the attic or the painter willing to die for his artistic ideals, will consent to be interviewed, if sufficient food reposes upon the supper-table.

The actors hate to be interviewed for the daily newspapers and the magazines (echo: yes, they do), but when sufficient inducement in the shape of food is suggested, their natural shyness may be overcome. They are willing to pay for it. The gold-digging business, like the reports of Mark Twain's death, has been exaggerated. In fact, they insist upon it.

"Let us have a bite together after the performance and talk then," is the usual acceptance of the invitation to "talk for publication." Or "let's drop around the corner and have a cup of tea after the matinée."

They must eat. Their thoughts seem ever upon that very necessary thing known as food. Even better than others, they seem to realize that one must eat to live.

The first hint that I had in the matter came from the late Sir Henry Irving. I was assigned by a city editor to call upon him and attempt to get something more from him than that he loved America and the Americans; that, compared to the Yankees, the English in general and Londoners in particular were fools—which a reader might have suspected to be his report, judging from the canned interviews with him in general circulation. Sir Henry was bored, frankly bored, and failed to respond to my inquiries until I said something not too favorable about a performance by the late Sir Herbert Tree.

FOOTLIGHT EPICURES

"AH, you are right," he shouted, and showing considerable animation, clapped his hands. "Come, you must remain to dinner with me. Let us break bread together and talk more on this very interesting subject."

How many times in later days have I remembered what Sir Henry taught me! To how many ruses have I fallen in an endeavor to encourage them to talk! How often I have tried all else and failed, finally asking them to eat with me. I have endeavored to appear to be starved. I have hinted to receive their own invitations to eat. Food—the subject never fails. And so far as I have encountered them, and I have interviewed practically all of the established actor clan (with the notable exception of Maude Adams), I have not known the ruse to fail.

"Oh, we can chat so much more intelligently over a cup of tea," said Jane Cowl.

"Let's make it dinner to-night and talk then," suggested Leo Ditrichstein, who, although he is the Great Lover, the slim juvenile at fifty, is nevertheless a bountiful eater and has been all of his life.

"Let us have supper after the performance," came from Bertha Kalisch, from Mrs. Fiske, Lenore Ulric, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Blanche Bates, David Warfield—yes, a list of names that would fill a column in a newspaper.

ROMEO AT TABLE

"HAVE a bite to eat with Partner and me," came from the lips of Julia Marlowe, "and let us talk there." I knew that "Partner" (E. H. Sothern) would be an exception to the rule. It couldn't be possible that the handsome, poetical and soulful Edward could be interested in anything so plebian as food. At least, if he supped after one of his artistic performances, it must be on honeyed butterfly wings, ambrosia, nectar—or something appropriate and fitting.

But at the supper I found that Miss Marlowe knew "Partner's" love of food—substantial food of the kind that causes nightmare when partaken of by the usual or garden-variety sort of individual. It is unnecessary to record the things that made up Miss Marlowe's "bite" after the performance, but sufficient to record that after several courses and to be followed by several more, there were stuffed goose livers and mushrooms as the principal item in the banquet. And as he chatted about Shakespeare's plays, the characters in the plays, the proper interpretation of the various rôles and the lost manuscripts of the bard, he continued to partake of one, two, three—yes, of six goose livers, any one of which at midnight was calculated to destroy sleep.

Back in the days when she was more actively engaged in vamping than she is at present, Theda Bara was what Charles Lamb might have described as "some eater." Always properly staged, her dinner-interviews and interview-luncheons. Usually somewhat spectacular, because she had a small figure of an Egyptian mummy that she insisted upon placing beside her plate—doubtless her revival of the ancient practice of passing the mummy before dinner guests to remind them of the shortness of life; but it didn't interfere with a healthy appetite. After beholding some of Theda's films, I imagined that she might live on fried scorpions or curried rattlesnakes; but when we "talked for publication" and she recalled the good old days in the Sahara Desert (a favorite theme of hers, although she really meant Cincinnati), she partook of substantial, healthgiving food and ate it with a will. Like the others, she said: "One can talk better over the table."

Suggest an interview to Trixie Friganza and before you finish the suggestion, she says: "Let's have breakfast together." And anybody who has "breakfasted" with Trixie (at one o'clock in the afternoon) knows that a six-course dinner will be brought to table by the waiters.

And Charles Chaplin. How that boy can eat! He knows good food, too, and knows how to order it until the table is bountifully littered. Unlike some of the others, he will not take an "appetizer," and usually apologizes by explaining that it isn't exactly a matter of teetotalism with him—he just doesn't need an incentive to eat.

Of course there are exceptions among the theatre folk, perhaps principally among the singers. Don't smile, but Al Jolson likes to sit around the table and nibble at food, but he is always thinking of his "precious" throat, always explaining that he'd like to eat so-and-so, wants his guests to do so, but fears that if he partakes, it might interfere with his voice. And not for a banquet of Lucullus would he taste food that would impair the beauty of his "Mammy" interpretations.

A notable exception is Geraldine Farrar. She gives breakfasts and luncheons for her friends, but the interviewer is seldom invited to sit at a banquet while she is being interviewed. There's more important business. One shouldn't be thinking of food at such an important moment in a prima donna's life. She "stages" her interviews. Last time I talked to her was aboard her private railway car. Of all places in the world to be "fixed up for company!" Yet I was ushered into the observation room, where Geraldine, draped in a costume that seemed to be made principally of green gauze, her throat and arms amply decorated with large emeralds, sat beneath a bower of palms and motioned me to a seat, saying: "There, we shall be alone here and can talk."

NO BIRDLIKE APPETITES

AND you don't find Mary Garden buying free meals for the newspaper boys who write so many columns about her. No, it's a trick of Mary's; she makes it difficult to catch her. She's always busy, but can afford ten minutes for a column of smart talk, when requested; she is what might be called the "snappiest copy" in the world of the thespians.

Galli-Curci, on the other hand, spreads the banquet table for one who desires to ask her, "What is your advice to little American girls who want to sing?" Herself a strict vegetarian, she doesn't try to impose her rules of life upon others, doesn't even twit her guests of cannibalism as George Bernard Shaw does, but in advance has arranged for many meaty courses.

(*Continued on page* 48)

Muray

Ferenc Molnar, playwright of international fame, whose *Liliom* and *The Guardsman* have added further luster to the Theatre Guild repertoire

Pavlowa in a new rôle. The famous première ballerina whiles away leisure hours in her London home, emulating Rosa Bonheur with brush and paint

Karen Bramson, Danish author, new to Broadway, whose *Tiger Cats*, after success in London, is now running at the Belasco Theatre

While papa glorifies the American girl and mamma suns herself in the musical comedy spotlight, Miss Patricia Burke Ziegfeld finds her police dog, *Chloto*, a sympathetic companion

Frederic Lonsdale has given Broadway many plays, among which are *Spring Cleaning*, *Aren't We All?* and *The Fake*. But the two productions of which he is proudest are his daughters, Frances and Mavis

© Underwood & Underwood

John Barrymore, the noblest Roman of them all, and his wife, Michael Strange, who writes plays as a diversion from the maternal cares of looking after her little daughter

IN THE PASSING SHOW

Notable Personalities in America's World of Make Believe

Galsworthy Again Scores With Masterly Play

Norman McKinnel Triumphs in "Old English." The Witchery of Edith Evans

By J. T. GREIN

"Theatre Magazine's" Special Correspondent in London

LONDON, *Nov. 15, 1924.*

THE miracle has happened. The prophets of pessimism have been confounded. The frantic excitements of a general election have not emptied the theatres. Boom! remains the watchword, maximum receipts the fact.

There have been casualties, one of them an American play, called *Morals,* that deserved a better fate, but they have passed almost unnoticed in the general carnival of success.

Then—a bolt from the blue—came the fateful evening at His Majesty's when the English version of de Flers and Caillavet's *Le Roi,* here entitled *The Royal Visitor,* was condemned by pit and gallery and a few bars of "God Save the King" cut short further hostile first-night demonstration. Never was the national anthem more aptly applied—but that king was beyond saving. Why? Because the three trifling acts lasted three hours, because British whitewash had been splashed on Parisian naughtiness and the result was "blur."

After an anæmic week, the great theatre stood empty, for nothing was in readiness, not even in contemplation to wipe out the failure. No doubt the *contretemps* will lead to a much-needed managerial reform of policy. It is always dangerous to start a season with a repertory of one play—I do not know whether it prevails in America—but certainly nowhere on the Continent. One of the managers of a smaller theatre commented: "I have never begun without six plays in my quiver, and if my theatre were a large one, I would always rehearse two plays at the same time—possibly with the same stars—one as 'Ersatz,' which can be used at matinées."

Enough of gloom, let us turn to the brighter side. Of American plays, the intensely dramatic *White Cargo* is still doing famously. Anon several companies will be on the road. *Fata Morgana,* with the most indecent first act I have ever seen, attracts enormously at the Criterion. Sign of the times: the matinées are almost exclusively patronized by women. *In the Next Room,* too, seems to indicate an indefinite run at the St. Martin's, and at the St. James' that very noisy affair, *The Nervous Wreck,* is something more than a success of curiosity. About *The Fool* I have something to say further on.

AMERICAN ACTRESS TRIUMPHS

AN American actress, Josephine Victor, new to London, has made a fine impression in *The Pelican,* which has scored at The Ambassadors'. She has temperament, quick intelligence, mobile features and a strong personality. The play turns on whether a mother should immolate herself for the sake of her son. It is tensely written, brilliantly acted—the study of Mr. Nicholas Hannen as the lover is noteworthy — and the characters are well observed. If the conclusion had been more convincing, the play would unquestionably have scored a veritable triumph.

EDITH EVANS

English actress, scarcely known three years ago, but to-day hailed by all critics as the greatest comédienne of the London stage. The original interpreter of the wife in *Tiger Cats*

Then we have the latest Galsworthy play at the Haymarket. *Old English* will not rank among his finest achievements, not because the hand has lost any of its cunning or the eye any of its penetrating vision. The dialogue is bare, clean and pointed, the situations revealing and the emotion genuine and pregnant. It suffers like *The Forest* because it was first created in the novel and, apart from *The Stoic* himself, we feel the gallery of his characters lack red corpuscles. Again finance is never greatly interesting to the public, and these two factors may imperil the play. But what a masterly analysis we get of this "Grand Old Gentleman," realized magnificently by Mr. Norman McKinnel! Every secret of his heart is probed, every inherent weakness behind this imposing aspect stripped naked. This is the vitality of life —convincing and human. This is Galsworthy's characterization at its ripest. The rest are but shadows to throw him up in high relief.

JOHN BULL'S OPINION OF "THE FOOL"

THE fatted calf of sentimentality is being served at the Apollo. O for the condiment of intellect and the sauce of wit to improve the dish! I am not going to join the cynics in their gibes at the *engouement,* the infatuation shown by the populace for the play. "Real taste," wrote Fielding, "is a quality with which human nature is very slenderly gifted." There can be no gainsaying Mr. Channing Pollock's sincerity. Alas, sincerity is not enough. The true artist must bring a nice sense of measure, depth of vision, an energy which combines and animates, a power to move the soul. The characters must be drawn from life, be real men and women, not abstractions masquerading in human garb. I could not escape making a mental contrast between *The Fool* and Shaw's melodramas touching the same issues. Shaw is stimulating, fortifying. Pollock is only enervating and mournfully depressing. The American playwright in his zeal forgets that the human spirit has need for intellect and knowledge, for beauty. But do not let us talk about art. It is an eloquent sermon and not a word can be said against it. It is good theatrical fare for lovers of crude emotions, for the author of *The Sign on the Door* has a sense for stage values. A priest, derided, despised and rejected, a crippled girl, a harlot, a *roué,* a financier with twenty servants, a howling mob, a miraculous sign—surely the gallery of melodrama could not be more complete. The emotional tones in this play are all brushed in with poster-colors, the plot has the naïveté of a Victorian tract, the economics are musty on the Fabian book-shelves and the characters are puppets with mouths full of platitudes.

ENGLAND'S GREATEST COMEDIENNE

THE qualifying adjective, "great," is reserved for the elect, and Edith Evans, the interpreter of the wife in *Tiger Cats* in London, is one of them. Of her art I can speak in unstinted praise. There are rôles which her genius can fill with vitality in such plentitude that no other interpreter can be thought of, and her standards of excellence have become a measuring rod to test the achievements of others. Yet it would be unjust to say that she is narrowly circumscribed, for genius cannot be hedged in by a Chinese wall. To-day we can think of her only as Suzanne in *Tiger Cats,* that cold, calculating, vixenish, selfish siren who draws

(*Continued on page* 58)

BERTHA KALISH
The distinguished Jewish tragédienne will lend her fiery dramatic talent this season to the delineation of Catherine in a new play, *The Pastimes of an Empress*

NANA BRYANT
A Western favorite and new to Broadway, this vivid and gracious comédienne has made an outstanding hit in support of Schildkraut in *The Firebrand*

TWO TYPES IN THE SEASON'S PERIOD PLAYS

An Established Favorite and an Engaging Newcomer Impersonate Interesting Ladies of the Past

By Their Gowns You Shall Know Them

Famous Fifth Avenue Costumer Gives the Dramatizing of Clothes the Dignity of a Fine Art

By HENRI BENDEL

WHILE the theatre is, in the course of a single dramatic season, a pageant of fashion as decreed for that particular period, the stage itself is not a *creator* of style. It is, rather, a *reflector* of the modes of many periods, including the smart sartorial decrees of the hour.

To become, therefore, a successful designer and executor of costumes for plays requires an exhaustive knowledge of the clothes of all periods of civilization; an imagination capable of covering these periods with a certain poetic license; a keen sense of individuality embracing not only the characters in what is known as "a period play," but the atmosphere in which they moved and had their being. In the play of modern life there are even more pitfalls because its costumes reflect the modes of the moment which are so familiar a thing to every theatregoer that their designer and executor dares take none of that poetic license permissible in the "period play." In the play evolved around modern society the costumer may take only such liberty as is possible by such deviations from accepted modes as are justified by the individuality of characters.

DESPITE the pitfalls, the costuming of plays is a fascinating business. In all my years of importing and originating women's gowns, furs and millinery, I have found nothing to compare with the fascination of equipping a play with costumes, especially those for the women in it. From time immemorial the world has quarreled with women over the importance they attach to clothes. They have been told times without number that dress holds too important a place in their thoughts. But this is not the truth. It couldn't be the truth, because there is no mode of expressing the varying moods of life; the characteristics of a race; the traits of individuals and the manner of their environment that is so potent as dress. Because this is true of life, it is also true of the theatre, where every earnest producer uses every means at his disposal to give a faithful reproduction of life. In doing this, there is no one medium so valuable to him as clothes. Neither is there any medium offering such complex dangers and difficulties.

To an audience seeing a finished production in the theatre, the matter of its costuming seems a minor detail, suggesting very little of time and attention given it. In fact, when an auditor leaves the theatre with no protruding thought of the clothes in the play he or she has seen, it is proof that the costumer has given to them exactly the right sense of value. If they *dominate* the theatregoer's thought, their designer has accorded them too much emphasis. To avoid this is always one of my chief concerns, for to do it is the main danger to any costumer. I therefore strive to realize that the clothes worn by the people in any play given me to costume must indicate their characters, their nationalities, their moods, their vocations, even while conforming to the period in which the story is told and expressing the spirit of that story and the author's intention.

Muray

Carlotta Monterey is seen here wearing the bridal gown designed by Bendel for *The Red Falcon*. The play did not live long, but the costume will in the memories of those that saw it. It is sixteenth-century period, of white satin, heavily embroidered with cloth of gold and pearls and a bridal veil of lace held by a pearl cap

I am much in the position of a woman realizing her good points and in danger of overemphasizing them. She is in danger of losing her individuality—herself—in her trappings; of attracting attention to the embellishment of her charm rather than to the charm itself. Such a woman the world calls overdressed. It is the same with a play. When the attention of an audience is riveted to clothes rather than to character, that play is overdressed. As a whole, a theatrical production should present a perfect picture, with nothing out of focus. The costumes are just a mosaic in the perfect pattern. They must fit into their own place — beautifully, harmoniously. They must express the people who wear them, their nationality, their traditions, their temperament, their occupation. Otherwise they have failed. By this, one can easily see that the psychology of costuming a play is responsible for no small part of its success. And yet it has to be done with such nicety of discrimination as to detract nothing from the story, nothing from the characterization. Its aim must be rather to build both.

When I am asked to costume a play—as I am in the case of most of our New York productions—I first take the script home and give it a careful reading without respect to the clothes it may necessitate my originating or importing. My first reading is for the purpose of getting the story, absorbing the characters and making a mental picture of the locale. Having done this, I again go through the script with the one thought of what each person in the play would wear.

HAVING decided this in my own mind, I next have a talk with the production director of the play and learn just how he intends to environ the people in it, so that a beautiful harmony may exist between the clothes and the scenic investiture. With these essentials thoroughly absorbed, I start work with my organization in designing and executing the clothes. If the story is one of modern society, the modes of the hour are made to conform to the individualities in the play, giving the best expression of which I am capable to prevalent style. In this case the play reflects current fashion. Of course, these styles are colored by my individual interpretation of them and, in this sense, the stage may be said to create style. Otherwise I adhere to my original statement that it is a reflector of it.

But, creator or reflector, there is still no such pageant of fashion in the whole world as that presented during a dramatic year on the American stage, and never has there been a year begun so auspiciously as the current season. I designed and executed the costumes for *The Far Cry*, in which Margalo Gillmore wore some lovely interpretations of present-day modes. I made the gowns for Ethel Barrymore in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and the gowns worn by Katharine Cornell in *Tiger Cats* —all derivations of prevalent taste and style in clothes. Each of these plays proved an avenue for beautiful sartorial expression.

However lovely a pageant of style the modern play may afford, there is nothing

(*Continued on page* 48)

MARGARET MOWER: A PORTRAIT BY GOLDBERG

The Noble Beauty and Distinguished Dramatic Ability of This Actress Created a Moving and Convincing Angel in the Wells-Ervine Two-Season Success "The Wonderful Visit." She is Soon to Appear in a New Drama

"You Go First and I'll Precede You"

MRS. FISKE ADDS MRS. MALAPROP TO HER GALLERY OF DELIGHTFUL STAGE PORTRAITS

S · C · R · E · E · N · L · A · N · D

The Matter of Sub-titling. Richard Dix in "Manhattan." Nazimova's New Picture

By AILEEN ST. JOHN-BRENON

IT is a strange fact, but none the less true, that despite specialization in almost every branch of the silent drama, the important task of sub-titling has been uniformly overlooked.

There are crack camera men, expert directors, clever designers, top-notch cutters and so on, but with all the diligence and care so often exercised in these departments, nine times out of ten a production otherwise adequate enough is marred by sloppy English, poor sentence construction, a constant misuse of words and utter disregard for the unities. While you can name your directors by the dozen, it is with difficulty that you recall any sub-titles of distinction or reputation. Of course there is that sterling and accomplished team, Katherine Hilliker and H. H. Caldwell, and the polished and discerning work of Julian Johnson, but, aside from these conspicuous exceptions, motion pictures are all too frequently foisted on the public without the guidance of a literary pen.

NEW TALENT FOR THE FILMS

WHEN we consider the importance of the written word in the exposition of photo-dramas, it seems inconceivable that this division of film-making could be so wofully neglected. Only the other day the beauty of a so-called superfilm was not only severely blemished, but positively ruined by the stilted explanations that were supposed to clarify and enhance the action.

But fortunately there is nothing static about the film industry. The deficiency of to-day is apt to be the preponderance of to-morrow. A producer may arrive at his office any morning and say to his stenographer: "I hear we haven't enough sub-titlers. Go out and get two dozen and have them at the studio in the morning," and the evil may be eradicated overnight.

Just as some time ago there seemed to be a dearth of good acting for the screen, and suddenly the Greta Nissens, the Frances Howards, the Claire Eames, the Jose Rubens were induced to try a motion-picture make-up and lured into the studios. With the advent of the new season probably the firm which, up to the present, has evidenced the most marked progress in its producing activities is Famous Players-Lasky. Towards the end of last year their pictures seemed to be lifeless and dull, but the autumn has brought forth an output which possesses both originality and a fine healthy flavor.

First National has adhered more or less to a conservative policy of good box-office attractions and frank money-makers—the foibles of the younger generation—melodrama of the old order, with a modest sprinkling of domestic struggles—all magnificently caparisoned in the approved manner.

Metro-Goldwyn, recently combined on a large scale, has failed at this writing to unearth any picture of more than passing interest, but promises later on a von Stroheim version of Frank Norris' *McTeague,* disguised as *Greed, The Great Divide* and

A new Norma has been discovered by Albin, who finds the luxurious Miss Talmadge a wistful Priscilla at heart

He Who Gets Slapped, all of which, it is understood, have been produced on an elaborate and artistic scale.

MANHATTAN

MANHATTAN serves to introduce R. H. Burnside as a director of motion pictures and Richard Dix as a star. The simplicity of each is a distinguishable feature of the production. Dix is a young man whose sense of humor has enabled him to keep his balance, and his rapid rise to the front has been aided and abetted by his geniality and lack of affectation. In a short time, comparatively speaking, he has compelled the great god, Box-office, to bow before him, and many of his admirers have been drawn from the cohorts that have followed Thomas Meighan from cinema palace to cinema palace. Meighan must look to his laurels if he does not wish Dix to make serious inroads on his popularity.

Burnside, he who so long concocted the myriad spectacles which held sway at the Hippodrome before it was converted into a two-a-day, has for some time past been assimilating the technique of the motion picture, and while *Manhattan* does not give him any opportunity to let his imagination run rife or to display the ingenious qualities for which he is noted, it is a thoroughly workmanlike job. He has his players well under control, and the ensemble is neatly balanced, resulting in characterizations which are restrained and reasonable. There is none of the chewing of scenery or the facial contortions which are so often unloaded on us in the name of cinema art. His crowds are well handled and his situations are the result of good judgment.

Dix is resplendently good-humored and exhibits all the necessary attributes of clean, young, throbbing American manhood. He will receive the adulation and the stamp of approval of all the bobbed-haired contingent, and callow youths in raccoon coats will strive to emulate him. Gregory Kelly, culled from the drama, gives a performance of a boy hounded by the "boss" of the neighborhood that is remarkable for its incision and earnestness. He should be seen more frequently in pictures and should be held up to the beginner as an example of what the well-equipped young actor should be. Jacqueline Logan, as the seraphic maiden in a den of vice, is pleasing enough. A compact scenario has been devised by Paul Sloane and Frank Tuttle, who have made an entertaining story of this young millionaire bored with life and striving to find diversion in the underworld.

THE ONLY WOMAN

IT seems a pity that Norma Talmadge should waste her time and talent on the trivialities of *The Only Woman,* a piece of jobbery on the part of C. Gardner Sullivan in which that "debbil sea" can be said to give the most stirring performance.

Miss Talmadge is far too capable an actress to expend her gifts on such stereotyped situations and such mediocre material, calling for all the old rubber stamps in a histrionic repertoire. She did a far more original and ingratiating act when she appeared for a brief session in Sam Goldwyn's *In Hollywood with Potash and Perlmutter,* and it is to be regretted that in her own photoplay Miss Talmadge should stoop to the banalities of the monotonous program picture unrelieved by humor or any particular skill. There is no possible excuse for it. Miss Talmadge is at the top of her profession. She has a free hand in the choice of her stories and heads her own company. She is delivered of financial strain as well. Perhaps she is ill advised; perhaps she has a wary eye on the box-office; or her latest picture may possibly be one of the blunders we are all prone to. But whatever the cause, the fact remains that *The Only Woman* is an unworthy successor to *Secrets,* with its atmosphere of charm and sincerity, which boosted Miss Talmadge into the artistic heights from which she was slipping.

Sidney Olcott, the director of her latest picture, has managed to inject a certain amount of suspense into the ship scenes which involve the regeneration of a young husband who prefers his bottle to matrimony. But for the most part, the picture is as lacking in distinction as in interest. Eugene O'Brien plays the inebriated husband and Miss Talmadge upholds the homely virtues of the girl who marries a man to reform him and to save a father's honor—in up-to-date gowns and sparkling jewels. The scenario is commonplace and without taste, and altogether everyone connected with this production can boast of nothing better than a few weeks of marking time in a Hollywood studio.

MADONNA OF THE STREETS

WHEN Alla Nazimova was induced to become a motion-picture actress some years ago, those who revel in good acting rejoiced that the screen could boast of the capture. Her début on the screen in *War Brides* was most auspicious. Nazimova's vivid personality, her fine dramatic powers and the deep wells of emotion that surged within her were transferred to the screen in all their poignancy, and Nazimova gave up her stage work entirely to become a motion-picture actress. But unfortunately she was soon imbued with a disproportionate view of things. "Always difficult to handle," as the directors said about her, her sense of the fitness of things became so unbalanced that instead of confining herself to her acting, she began to inflict every department with her demands. Her pictures became worse and worse, and finally, unwilling to cope further with temperament, Metro failed to renew her contract, and she was permitted to leave their fold and to continue her career unfettered and uncontrolled. The result was *Salome*, a picture that, notwithstanding its claims of strict adherence to Aubrey Beardsley and Oscar Wilde, ran so far afield that those who came to pray remained to scoff—and Nazimova disappeared from the horizon till *Madonna of the Streets,* recently adapted from W. B. Maxwell's *The Ragged Messenger,* brought her back under the First National banner. Those who remembered the Nazimova of some years ago hoped to find the colorful being of her first film days, but instead there was the fretful, pouting, wriggling creature—utterly meaningless in her gyrations—of *Salome*.

The picture, too, as a whole, is so artificial that even the serious Milton Sills as an earnest young clergyman is unable to endow it with any semblance of reality.

Here we have the bird-in-the-gilded-cage motif with a stirring religious accompaniment. In film form at least—I am unfamiliar with the novel—it is frankly sensational. The central figure is a heartless light-o'-love whose "protector" fails to bequeath her with his fortune. Instead he bestows it upon a young relative, a clergyman who is devoting his life to uplift in the London slums. In order to get what she considers her rightful heritage, she ensnares the young parson into matrimony, and thereafter the plot is concerned with her unavailing efforts to wrest the money from the poor and her gradual unmasking before the duped preacher. All the accoutrements of this type of drama are exhibited—the beating and reviling of the parson by those he seeks to aid—the weeping of the little crippled girl who alone understands him—the wife's degradation when she is turned from the house—the reform and final close-up in the Magdalen home! Shades of the penny dreadful! All this is luridly and laboriously transcribed. Edwin Carewe, who has previous equally incredible tales to his credit, fairly wallows in the bathos and melodrama, while Nazimova, self-conscious and content, struggles in utterly incongruous fashion to present herself in an appealing light. Sills does his best in uncongenial surroundings, and a long list of players are present to provide the necessary atmosphere.

GRETHE NISSEN,

whose statuesque beauty has been captured for the movies. A film version of *Beggar on Horseback* marks this Swedish artiste's screen début under a long-term contract with Famous Players

---

THE GARDEN OF WEEDS

THERE are portions of this film in which Betty Compson is a revelation. After many vicissitudes, she has finally a part which calls for the emotional qualities and the acting ability which have been obscured in most of her recent productions. In *The Garden of Weeds,* after the first part of the picture in which she appears as the conventional, innocent chorus girl trying to get along, she bursts forth into an inspired and flawless sequence of acting. Miss Compson as the wide-eyed, unsuspecting bit of human driftwood lacks conviction, but as the sophisticated woman, passionately sorry for her errors, being dragged through the dregs of suffering, she is matchless. This is the Betty Compson which James Cruze presents to us in the adaptation of the play by Leon Gordon and Doris Marquette. This is another tale based on the perils of Broadway, where "the angel" suppresses talent in order to avail himself of the privilege of a pretty woman's smiles. This particular heroine does not pass through her five reels unscathed. Circumstance triumphs over her scruples, and she has the time of her life affecting the finest paraphernalia that riches afford until a little gold band is dangled before her by a perfectly nice and eligible young man. She marries him, and the plot immediately evolves itself into the old mooted question—"Should a Woman Tell?" It is further complicated by the determination for revenge on the part of the former lover, and in the final scenes the *contretemps* has been so beautifully directed by James Cruze that it stands out as one of the finest situations of the month. Walter Woods and Anthony Coldway, who made the adaptation, have skated over much thin ice very expertly, but it rather stretches your credulity when you are asked to believe that while revealing her past after many tears and struggles, the young husband falls asleep and hears nought of it!

However, Cruze has succeeded in developing an entertaining melodrama, and the picture affords in addition to the fine acting of Miss Compson some excellent delineations by other members of the cast. Rockliffe Fellowes is admirable as the *roué;* Warner Baxter brings more intelligent reserve to the young husband than is usually displayed by any half dozen leading men, and William Austin is refreshing as Archie, a delightful bit. Lilyan Tashman is the Broadway girl *par excellence* and Toyo Fujita is amusing as the Jap.

WORLDLY GOODS

PAUL BERN and A. P. Younger have effected a thoroughly pleasing photoplay from Sophie Kerr's *Worldly Goods,* the latest starring vehicle for Agnes Ayres. It has many little turns and quirps that do not smack of monotonous repetitions. Here are originality and skill, and, wonders of wonders, you can't guess how this little domestic comedy will settle itself until the very last part of the last reel. All along you fancy that our languid heroine, who has married a "windbag," is just waiting for things to be bad enough to warrant her appearance in the divorce court so she can be free to marry a former suitor, but a surprise is in store for you.

There is plenty of fun and gaiety in this picture and no end of laughter.

Dorothy Gish (as *Tessa*) and Charles Lane (as *Baldassare*) in an appealing scene in *Romola*, an artistic filming by Henry King of George Eliot's famous story

Albin

To get the proper atmosphere for his screen version of *Mme. Sans-Gêne*, Leonce Perret went to France, where he found himself steeped in the tradition of the Napoleonic era. Here we see the Empress Marie Louise surrounded by the imperial court in the gardens at Compiègne, where most of the pictures were taken

ELIOT AND SARDOU ON THE SILVER SCREEN

Italian Pastoral and French Imperial Splendor in Two Important New Pictures

M · U · S · I · C

A New Conductor Triumphs at the Metropolitan. A Dancer and a Musical Locomotive Also Arrive to Great Applause

By GRENVILLE VERNON

A NEW conductor—that about sums up the opening week at the Metropolitan Opera House. Of course, there was Mr. Chaliapin as Boris, and Mme. Jeritza as Elizabeth and as Tosca, and Mr. Scotti as Scarpia, and Mr. Whitehill as Wolfram—but these are old friends and have by now little in the way of novelty. There was also Mr. Gigli in a new part—as Enzo in *La Gioconda*—but everybody who knew Mr. Gigli knew that he would find the rôle peculiarly suited to him. There is exquisite lyric music in Ponchielli's old score, and Mr. Gigli's is a distinctly lyric voice. When he tries to sing like some one else, like Mr. Caruso for example, he is false to himself, but in *La Gioconda* he was content to be himself. The result was some gorgeous singing and a triumph.

BUT the new conductor was another matter. Tullio Serafin had come with a reputation made at the Scala as being second only to Toscanini among the orchestra leaders of Italy. This was a big order and not altogether to Signor Serafin's advantage. New York audiences have a disconcerting way of making up their own minds about a musician. They made them up about Signor Toscanini, and Signor Toscanini to-day stands with them in a place apart. They resent, too, comparisons. To state that a new tenor is the "successor to Caruso" at once puts the newcomer at a disadvantage, as more than one has recently learned. And the same condition obtains in regard to Toscanini. Strange to say, in music Americans are hero-worshippers as intense as they are in politics, only that unlike their attitude in politics, in music they do not relish having their heroes destroyed or even approached.

It is therefore an added proof of Signor Serafin's quality when it is stated that approval both critical and popular was universal. The new conductor possesses authority and vitality to an unusual degree, and even those who objected somewhat to the quick tempo of parts of his opening *Aïda,* had to acknowledge that he made the performance vibrant and shot through with color. The Metropolitan has long needed a conductor of his power and temperament. It salutes Signor Serafin's coming gratefully. Whether he is second only to Toscanini is another matter, a matter which the future alone can decide.

THE opening *Aïda* itself, aside from the part allotted to the conductor, was about as it has been of recent years. There was Miss Rethberg in the title part to pour forth her luscious voice and to be in action utterly colorless; there was Mr. Martinelli, whose powerful organ seems never to tire; there was Mme. Matzenauer, who, returning to a contralto rôle, proves that a singer who will be a soprano against the command of nature finds her experience costly to her real voice; there was Mr. Mardones, one of the three or four truly great singers of the company, although the public doesn't know it; and there was Mr. Danise, who finds an Ethiopean savage rather outside his vocal compass. Then, of course, there was Mr. Setti's ever admirable chorus and Roviscalli's expensive but unimaginative scenery. When such artists as Norman Geddes, Robert Jones, Lee Simonson and Rollo Peters live within subway ride of the Metropolitan, it may well be asked, Why Roviscalli?

Mary Dale Clarke

BRUNO WALTER

Who will receive a warm welcome from music-lovers when he returns this year as guest-conductor with the New York Symphony Orchestra

---

THE performance of *Tannhäuser* brought new regret that this particular opera should be given with a protagonist in whom it is difficult to believe. Mr. Laubenthal is probably above the average of German tenors. He doesn't make distressing sounds when he opens his mouth, and he goes through the motions in good routine fashion. But the part of Tannhäuser demands more than that. It demands distinction of bearing, a mobile countenance and an arresting personality. Mr. Laubenthal possesses none of these qualities. He doesn't even seem to know that they exist, and without them a performance of *Tannhäuser* is apt to be very weary indeed. Mme. Jeritza, of course, lightened things up, for Elizabeth is dramatically one of her best parts, and Mr. Whitehill gave poetic distinction to Wolfram. Mme. Gordon was a Venus beautiful to look upon, but as yet a little cold. She should remember that the first act of this opera takes place on the Venusberg and not the Iceberg. Mr. Bodansky held his forces in admirable control.

SINCE the death of Caruso and the departure of Miss Farrar it has remained for Mr. Chaliapin to furnish the popular excitement at the Metropolitan. When the great Russian bass sings the audience sits on the tip of the seats. He brings into the auditorium a feeling of artistic imminence, he fills the theatre with his personality and gives his auditors a flash of the grand style. He may not always sing the music as it is written, he certainly raises the very deuce with conductors, but he looms above most of his fellow artists like a colossus in more than mere physical bulk. His Boris was as powerful an impersonation as ever. Mario Chamlee did what he could with the ungrateful part of the False Dimitri. His beautiful voice deserved a better début. Jeanne Gordon was a radiant and rich-toned Marina.

I have spoken of Mr. Gigli's beautiful singing in *La Gioconda.* He had worthy associates in the Laura of Mme. Matzenauer and the Cieca of Miss Alcock. Somehow last season the latter artist never seemed to reach her full possibilities, but in the Cieca she at last proved herself worthy of a first place among the Metropolitan's contraltos. Signor Serafin deepened the impression made by him in *Aïda,* giving a rarely beautiful and dynamic reading of the score. In short, the opera season was set going in a thoroughly safe and sane fashion.

AT last an American audience has seen Thamar Karsavina. It has waited fourteen years, for the famous Russian dancer was originally booked to come here in 1910. Mme. Karsavina is still a beautiful woman and an exquisite dancer, though not as light or perhaps as imaginative as the Pavlowa of other days.

HELEN STANLEY

Whose Sieglinde is a true daughter of the gods. Miss Stanley will appear with the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company

© *Rivkin*

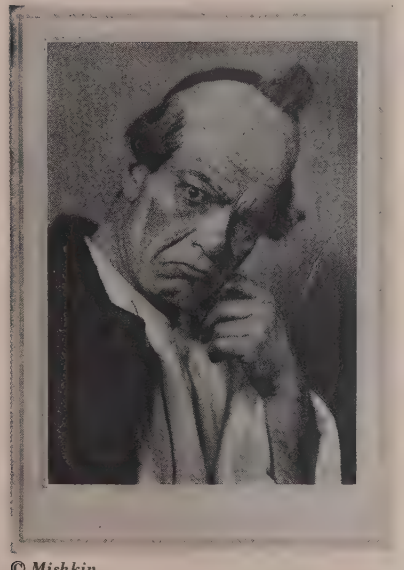
FEODOR CHALIAPIN

The great Russian bass meditates evilly in Boito's *Mefistofele*

© *Mishkin*

FRANCES ALDA

A daughter of far-off New Zealand, this soprano is now the Metropolitan's Marguerite. She is also in private life Mme. Gatti-Casazza



© *Mishkin*

THOMAS CHALMERS

The Metropolitan's American baritone as Father Melitone in *La Forza del Destino*

© *Mishkin*

CLAUDIA MUZIO

The Metropolitan's loss is Chicago's gain, as evidenced by this most statuesque of Floria Toscas

© *Mishkin*

GIUSEPPE DANISE

Who, in *Andrea Chenier*, has added another admirable baritone portrait to his collection

FOUNDATION-STONES IN THREE OPERA COMPANIES

A Musical Page Telling a Tale of Five Nations

V·A·U·D·E·V·I·L·L·E

The Walton Galatea—Mme. Besson's Great Performance—Some New Comedy—The Oriental Hippodrome

By BLAND JOHANESON

FLORENCE WALTON continues to be the most engaging of the ballroom exhibits. Whether it's her pretty clothes, her pretty husband, or the pretty simplicity of her congenital awkwardness, there is a shy yet potent charm in her displays which excuses even their monotony or the emptiness of their elaborate gentility.

Here again is Florence in vaudeville—the familiar *Callot tulle bouffante,* the familiar ocher make-up, the near-ritualistic caracolings to the tune of *Nola.* All things sweetened by a tender precognition. But all unspeakably and painfully defaced by an idea—a conceit so novel I hesitate to apprehend you of it, children. The dancer is a statue which comes to life! Comes to life to lunge into the arms of M. Leitrim (bewitchingly designated in the interpolated couplets as "a ballroom Adonis") and do something reminiscent of the Texas Tommy! And Madame Leitrim is very slightly suited to such shadowy and Gishy whimsiness.

However much I may have been grieved by her funny studio legend, her gowns are as interesting as usual and her mastery of make-up would challenge Lon Chaney.

THE vaudeville audience is popularly supposed to possess a composite brain equal in weight, dimension and total displacement of thought to one dried pea. It is likewise the notion that while in the theatre but one cell of this mental leviathan is functioning. Nevertheless, George Kelly, acclaimed by the think experts as *the* American dramatist, elaborates his Broadway hits of the year from the humble vaudeville sketch. *The Show-Off* had such a nativity.

Smarty's Party, Mr. Kelly's potential Opus No. 3, appears to be the most seriously interesting of the season's new acts. The playlet is not humorous, as were its predecessors. It is dramatic, moving and not a little depressing, presenting, as it does, a phase of the morbid selfishness of ferocious maternal love. Mr. Kelly's is a cross between the Wolfe *Hallelujah!* and the Mary Miles Minter *Bah!* theories, faithful, sound. Here a lavish, loving and indulgent mother, on discovering that her adopted son has made the romantic juvenile error of marrying without her knowledge, becomes hysterical, self-martyred, aggrieved and bitterly cruel. The rôle is dangerously unsympathetic and the performance of Madame Besson in it is brilliant. The woman is a sentimental fiend. The actress makes her a pitiful and lovable one. She tells the boy of his illegitimate birth and adoption. She turns him out, spoiled, pampered and incompetent, into the world. Yet she is pathetic and contrives very subtly and masterfully to make you feel her grievance.

The story rings profoundly true to life and the direction of the wholly competent little company is superb. The characters all talk at once. They interrupt each other, as they should, in the fashion of the Russian school of direction.

Even in vaudeville, which is the kingdom of superficiality, *Smarty's Party* has been enthusiastically received.

FRANK FAY, long absent from the fold of Keith, has returned with an effective little effort in the Broadwayese—so Roaring Forties is it, however, and so crafty are the comedian's insinuations, I doubt that the larger world will fail to view him through an incomprehensible fog. There is copious hokum at his command, luckily, and hokum is universal. But it is in his indiscreet gags and antics of the card-room vintage that he is the sheerest joy. A comedy act which is new, and in which you cannot anticipate the answers to all the conundrums, is apt to induce hysteria. Mr. Fay did at the Palace. And although he didn't sing *Eli Eli.*

ROSEMARY and Marjory in *Heart Songs.* Such is the billing, and from it you might suppose it possible to anticipate the worst. But the special saccharine quality of these warbling damosels is so *super,* so transcendent, so angelic it partakes almost of divinity, and it is marvelous that some Diabetic Retreat has not engaged them to stroll, with their arms so touchingly entwined, through the dining-hall while the grapefruit was being served. Not even *Love's Old Sweet Song* are we spared. The repertoire is of the school of that which some sentimental lady full of beer invariably requests of the professor. And to make the effect even more celestial and innocent, Mesdames Rosemary and Marjory wear crinolines, and the bouncing one wears curls. And this is not the whole-souled, whoop-la Sophie Tucker sentiment! It is the kind that makes you think of immortelles and tuberoses and nourish a wicked yen that either were appropriate.

WILLIE and Eugene Howard are not quite so sweet. Their charm is so gamey, it fails to tantalize me. An unkempt comic in an awful dress suit and a groomed straight man in a more awful one, woeful when they would be funny and funny when they would be sad, baffle my eager sense of appreciation. Jack Pearl is a much funnier comic and his partner doesn't sing. Almost anybody I know is a funnier comic and *their* partners don't lift up obstipated tenors. But the Señors Willie and Eugene are received with hugs and kisses at the Palace — where it is a gaping secret that there are two certain means to being a hit—either to do a Russian step or to advertise that you have been on speaking terms with some prominent marinated herring.

NELSON KEYES is a comedian more to my sedulously cultivated fawncy. He has brought to vaudeville his *Charlot Revue* songs and an exquisite beautiful and monumentally artificial and uninteresting lady. The finished precision of his character impressions is a shock and a delight, consorting on bills as it might with such horrific talents as that of Leo Beers or the Four Mortons.

A LITTLE of that priceless "direct from the jungles of darkest Mesopotamia" side-show hocus-pocus still survives in the last contribution to the Hippodrome from the dim world of quaint and curious alien art. Takha-Takha, a dainty Oriental dancer, has left her temple flat. But that isn't all. She also has inspired Allan Foster to undress his Hippodrome ballet girls and drill them in some curious un-Occidental gyrations, the precise nationality of which is decidedly illusive, and to march them around the stage with bowls of incense—suggesting a cross between Vantine's and a tourist-buss hop-joint. This business spoils the charm and authenticity of the diminutive temple dancer.

WEAVER I

"If music be the food of love, saw on." The Weaver Brothers come from Arkansas to New York and suppress their loneliness by playing upon forestry appropriated from the Ozarks

WEAVER II

(*Top, center*)
Ward and Van immortalize the Italian workman with the aid of rollicking American humor. They solve his labor problem with a skillfully manipulated violin and harp

(*Circle*)
Cliff Edwards, High Priest of the Ukelele, sends mournful echoes down the alleys of Broadway with songs so blue, they make Hamlet seem like a circus funny man

The latest wanderer from Dixie to Broadway! Lee Morse brings with her an unbelievable collection of voices and the very delirium of syncopation

HARLEQUINS OF MELODY

Songs From Arkansas, Dixie and Italy Ring Through the Halls

Maurice Goldberg

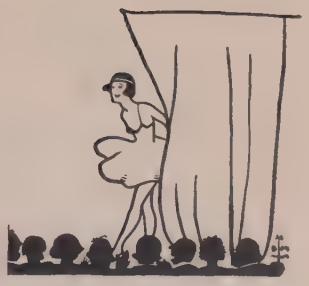
LOUISE CLOSSER HALE: AUTHORESS AND ACTRESS

A Player of Intellect and Distinction Whose Last Achievement in the Theatre was Her Especially Brilliant Performance as the Mother in "Expressing Willie"

Heard on Broadway

News and Gossip Straight from the Inside of Theatredom

By L'Homme Qui Sait



BUSINESS in the theatres all over New York, with the big hits alone excepted, has been about 25 per cent. under normal this season. The Presidential election was blamed. On the road the same condition has prevailed, with many expensive shows being forced to close when the business didn't come as it should.

A peculiarity of the theatre occurs in HENRY MILLER'S two shows, the first, *The Man in Dress Clothes,* starring Mr. Miller, playing at his namesake's theatre, controlled by the Erlanger office, and his musical comedy, *The Magnolia Lady,* playing at the Shubert Theatre and booked on the road by the Shubert booking office. And the Erlanger and Shubert routes are, as half the world knows, as far apart as Calais and Dover.

WALTER HAMPDEN'S record-breaking week at the Forrest, Philadelphia, in *Cyrano de Bergerac,* when he grossed $39,000 in eight performances at a $3.85 "top," is one of the major achievements of any classic actor in America. The gross in itself is phenomenal and caused much talk on Broadway. Hampden's tour in *Cyrano* actually resembles a triumphal procession through the big cities of America.

BAYARD VEILLER, author of *Within the Law* and *The Thirteenth Chair,* is writing a play for A. H. WOODS, called (as it would be in the Woods' office) *The Good Bad Woman.* In other words, the elderly BAYARD is stepping up on young SAMMY SHIPMAN in the matter of paradoxical titles.

The major revues of this season, with the exception of the *Follies* and *Scandals,* have proven disappointments financially. *The Passing Show,* which left the Winter Garden last month, was a grand flop, never at any time attaining capacity, while *The Ritz Revue* and the *Greenwich Village Follies,* though beautifully and expensively produced, are acknowledged disappointments. *Vanities,* after a weak start, profited by EARL CARROLL'S sensational publicity, but the cut-rate ticket agency helped it tremendously.

The Theatre Guild plans a musical comedy for summer production, as present plans go. The business manager of the Guild, WARREN P. MUNSELL, is planning (on his own and without the Guild's help) an independent production of HERMANN BAHR'S *The Mongrel,* with RUDOLPH SCHILDKRAUT as the star. The same Guild, incidentally, has the greatest box-office success of its career in *The Guardsman.*

A hardy rumor persists on Broadway that the current edition of the *Music Box Revue* will be the last of the series. The last two editions ran about six months in the New York Music Box and did but fairly on the road. The operating expense of the show and the limited capacity of the Music Box is said to have prompted the decision of the producers, SAM HARRIS and IRVING BERLIN.

The French Government has bestowed on DAVID BELASCO the cross of the Legion in recognition of what he has done to promote French dramatic art here, notably *Deburau,* to say nothing of *Zaza* and *Dubarry.*

MR. BELASCO'S first flop since *Dark Rosaleen,* quite a few years back, was his production of *Tiger Cats,* which opened his current season. The KAREN BRAMSON play attained six weeks to fair business and was withdrawn, as those quaint London managers say when they throw the storehouse skids under a flop.

IRENE BORDONI takes *Little Miss Bluebeard* to London some time in February, according to present plans of the Charles Frohman office, which operates the Bordoni shows in association with E. RAY GOETZ.

The most delectable piece of gossip during November was the story of a prominent dramatic editor who was sent to review FIRMIN GEMIER and the Odéon Players at the Jolson Theatre. The prominent d. e. snoozed through the four acts of one French play and then, getting his programs mixed, went down to his office and wrote a learned review on one that had been played two nights before.

Vaudeville has been a life-saver this season for players whose shows have folded up in mid-season. J. C. NUGENT'S *The Rising Son* ran a fortnight and expired, and a week later J. C. was doing his old monologue at the Palace. ODETTE MYRTIL was left without a job when *Vogues and Frolics* called it a season, and she also went into the varieties. MRS. CARTER, with no legitimate vehicle in sight, is playing a two-a-day sketch, while ROBERT WARWICK is doing the same thing, an unusual occurrence for a leading man in winter.

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD'S *The River's End* will be the second production of the Daniel Kusell firm, newly organized.

EDMUND BREESE, who deserted the stage long ago for the films, comes back this season in *Fool's Gold,* a play by BARRY CONNERS, which HERMANN GANTVOORT will shortly expose to the perils of Broadway.

LOUISE HUNTER, a youngster in her twenties and a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was compelled to refuse the leading rôle in the Chicago company of *Rose-Marie* because the Met had her by a contract. The Met contract, incidentally, paid much less than the salary offered by ARTHUR HAMMERSTEIN, but contracts are contracts and must be obeyed. Less than three years ago MISS HUNTER was unknown and made her début with a small troupe, singing the title-rôle in *Manon.*

A life-saver to some shows this year has been the rapidity with which the picture people have snapped up the picture rights. *The Far Cry* got itself $30,000 after flopping at the Cort, while *My Son* grabbed off the same amount in the process of making merry the nights for the cut-rate *habitués. Great Music* was given about $35,000 because RICHARD BARTHELMESS liked its leading rôle. On top of it all, AL WOODS opened *The Desert Flower* at the Longacre last month, read the unanimous panning notices and then spent the rest of the day fighting off high movie offers.

Another instance of temperament that comes with success was given last month when the DUNCAN SISTERS practically forced their manager, TOM WILKES, to pull the sensationally successful *Topsy and Eva* from the Selwyn in Chicago when it was within five weeks of a year's run at tremendous grosses. The girls insisted on coming into New York as stars—and that right early—but MR. WILKES, being pretty smart himself, pacified the youngsters and booked territory around Chicago, territory that he knew would be easy pickin' because of the Windy City's reputation.

With the second critical box-office score of the year published, the *Evening Graphic,* BERNARR MACFADDEN'S tabloid sheet, still ranks lowest of the New York papers in the percentage list kept by *Variety,* the theatrical trade weekly. *The Graphic* has a layman review each show, thereby getting away from the "professional view-point," according to their explanation.

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited By M. E. KEHOE

Photo George M. Edmondson

Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, produced by the Hathaway-Brown School, Cleveland, with a setting of drapes—a center tapestry contributing to the stage picture

Mrs. Malaprop's room in *The Rivals,* presented by the Senior Class of Warren Easton Boys' High School. A folding screen was used with very good effect in a setting of drapes

HIGH SCHOOL PRODUCTIONS OF "THE RIVALS" AND "LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME"

Notable Productions by High Schools

By CLARENCE STRATTON

Author of "Producing in Little Theatres"

WHETHER any school makes a notable contribution to the cause of worthy play production depends entirely upon what kind of performances the school has been in the habit of offering. Notableness in plays is a matter of relativity simply.

The high school over which such Puritan control is exercised that boys and girls may not act together, makes a notable advance when the sexes are allowed to appear upon the same stage for the first time. Most of these advances are now in the past, but they illustrate perfectly the steps forward which it is the purpose of this series of articles to foster. In one large high school the stage (but not the classroom) segregation of the sexes was rigorously enforced. When *Antigone* was presented with Mendelssohn's beautiful musical setting, all rôles were played by girls. But in 1909 the tercentenary of the birth of John Milton was to be celebrated by the performance of *Comus*, with much of the original music by Henry Lawes and the melodies supplied by Dr. Arne for Garrick's revival of the mask. As Milton was a Puritan, it could not be so wrong to let boys and girls present his mask. That performance marked a notable advance in that school.

In another school, plays for years had been staged in worse than the so-called Elizabethan manner. In addition to turning on the auditorium lights and letting the actors wear home-made costumes, nothing was arranged to create the sense of illusion. When a curtain was hung across the front of that stage and draperies hid the rear walls, a notable advance was made in that school.

For several years a high school had been giving commercial stage successes of *The Man from Home* type. Fearfully the director chose a romantic drama, such as *The Romantic Age*. The general report was that for the first time the audience forgot to watch the play as an exhibition by young persons whom they knew and became as deeply interested in the characters on the school stage as they do in those in a professionally produced comedy.

Many notable contributions come, not from actual productions, but from classes in stage-craft or dramatics. What is learned in such courses (they are usually elective) shows in better mechanical manipulation, in more original scene designs, in more artistic costumes and in more general appreciation of good drama. From these classes come the most unusual responses to assignments. At Glenville High School, Cleveland, in such a course, Miss Katherine Wick Kelly announces to the pupils that they are to hand in models of Greek theatres. The utmost ingenuity is displayed in the finished forms. Clay, wood, wax, soap, cardboard, plasticene, dental cement, paper and paraffine are the materials chosen by the pupils. Some are carved from cakes of soap; some are mounted on small bread boards; one was built in a large cheese box; one was a microscopic paper structure fitted into a girl's powder box. Later in the course, the pupils make models of settings for plays.

Size of stage and capacity of auditorium seem to exercise little restriction upon the amount of work done and the level of achievement. At Miami, Florida, the high school has a tiny theatre, with only one hundred seats. The pupil performances have earned money to equip the stage, pupils have arranged lighting, made curtains, painted furniture, made draperies and costumes and gathered a collection of seventy-five volumes to supplement the school library. Here only one-act plays are used, but under the direction of Miss Margaret Singleton, a two-year course includes practical stagecraft, history of drama and the reading of modern plays.

Many schools have made their contributions by enlisting the co-operation of several departments. The high school at Berkeley, under the leadership of Miss Fannie McLean, has a remarkable record for number of plays and excellence of performance. Its choices fall into two groups — a long list of modern plays and Shakespeare dramas. Modern

Berkeley High School, Berkeley, Cal., staged *Twelfth Night* in an interesting and novel fashion, using a set piece (with slight changes and additions), to affect their changes of scene. The scene shown is Olivia's Garden

Simple changes in the set and the addition of a few properties metamorphosed Olivia's Garden (above) into the prison scene shown on the right

dramas given are *Secret Service, Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, Adam and Eva, Come Out of the Kitchen, In Mizzoura, Esmeralda, New Lives for Old, Quality Street, The Flower Shop* and *Teeth of the Gift Horse.* Every spring, near the date of Shakespeare's birthday, one of his plays is given. The list includes *The Winter's Tale, A Midsummer Night's Dream, As You Like It, Twelfth Night, Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet, The Merchant of Venice, The Tempest, King Lear, Julius Cæsar* and *Macbeth.*

The plays presented represent the work of many departments. The Dramatic Interpretation Class of the English Department is responsible for the training of the cast and for the general direction of the play. Costumes were designed by the Costume Design Class of the Art Department and made by the sewing classes of the Domestic Arts Department. Scenery and properties were designed by the Stage Craft Class of the Art Department and built with the assistance of the Mechanical Arts Department. The lighting effects of the play were directed by the Science Department. The music for *Twelfth Night* was composed by Professor E. G. Stricklen, of the University of California, and lent by the Greek Theatre management. It was executed by members of the school orchestra.

Directors of high-school plays in California have the opportunity of benefiting by one another's work. Once a year there has been held at the University of California a Shakespeare contest with entrants from all parts of the State. Beginning in the 1924-5 school year, there will be a series of one-act play productions, with casts from various high schools.

At Parker High School, Chicago, the significant plays include *Twelfth Night, The Merchant Gentleman, The Aristocrat* by Louis N. Parker, *Daddy Long Legs* by Jean Webster, *Nathan Hale* by Clyde Fitch, *Clarence* by Booth Tarkington, *The Rivals, She Stoops to Conquer* and *The Amazons* by A. W. Pinero. Most significant was the production by Miss Margaret Baker of *The Pageant of Troy,* which she arranged for some forty speaking rôles and some one hundred and fifty participants. The component parts from many sources were selected to tell the story of Troy and its heroes and heroines from the throwing of the golden apple to the stringing of the bow of Odysseus.

The stage set for the drinking scene in *Twelfth Night,* produced at Berkeley High School

Three scenes of the first part of this pageant are from *The Arraignment of Paris* by George Peele, others are dramatizations of scenes from *The Iliad.* Dances of Flora, Pomona, Pan and the plaint of Œnone are interpolated. Part II shows the fate of the survivors of the Trojan War. The opening scene is from *The Trojan Women* by Euripides. A scene from the *Odyssey, Odysseus Among the Phæcians,* follows. The conclusion is from *Ulysses* by Stephen Phillips. Music for the dances and the lyrics by Ben Johnson and Shelley was written especially for this pageant.

The Horace Mann School for Boys in New York has enjoyed and profited by performing Elizabethan plays in an ultra-modern manner, *i. e.,* keeping the main formation of the stage Elizabethan, but using every possible modern device to secure stage effects. The intention has been to develop all the arts connected with dramatics. In 1924 *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* was offered. The settings were designed by the pupils and made in the school shop. As the play was written to be performed entirely by men and boys, a boys' school is justified in acting the female rôles. But what a comment on school plays it is that this play was performed at the Plaza Hotel.

The Manual Training High School, Brooklyn, makes an interesting distinction between two kinds of productions, as explained earlier in this series of articles. One play at least during the year is given under the auspices of the English Department (either as an occasional piece or as the feature of a Christmas entertainment), and this play is in every sense a school product. The physics squad manages lighting and setting; the domestic science department sews drapes and the simpler costumes; the art department and individual pupils supply properties. All plays given during recent years have been written by Mr. Herbert Bates, head of the English Department. Four performances of each play are given, as there are four auditorium periods. Understudies who attain a fair degree of proficiency are permitted to appear in at least one performance. Under the first classification, three plays have celebrated the Pilgrim Tercentenary, emphasized correct speech for Better English Week and satirized unwarranted pride in ancestry. Under the second classification, the plays performed in the Academy of Music to add money (net proceeds are about $1,000) to the General Organization Fund have been *The Fortune Hunter, The Tailor-made Man, Come Out of the Kitchen* and *Happy-Go-Lucky.*

How inadequate equipment is converted by ingenious directors is illustrated in typical changes from four schools in different sections of the country. From high schools in Dayton and New Orleans come these reports.

At Stivers High School, Dayton, Ohio, dramatic art is an elective subject in the school curriculum under Miss Florence Lange and an assistant. One-fourth, one-half, or a whole credit may be earned by the students according to the amount of work done in the department. The department has an office in the

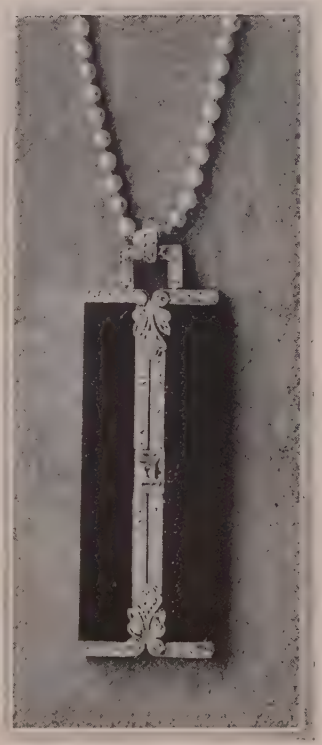
(*Continued on page* 68)

This set for Olivia's Room would be more convincing were the furniture of the period, but with the accompanying sets for *Twelfth Night,* it is an interesting example of what may be accomplished in any high school fortunate in the possession of a set of drapes and the co-operation of classes in stage craft and mechanical arts

THE GLOUCESTER PLAYERS PRODUCE A NEW ROUMANIAN COMEDY

"The Haiduc," a traditional hero of the Roumanian peasantry and the central figure in a drama of the same name, was produced for the first time by the Gloucester Players. In the upper scene, Busioc, a haiduc, hears the strange call of Gypsy music; in the scene below, he leads Andreia into a far place where all is happiness. "The Haiduc" is one of five plays by Colin Clements, recently published under the title "Plays for Pagans"

Nita Naldi, screen star, wearing a three-strand reproduction pearl necklace with diamond and synthetic ruby clasp. The original, worn by Madame Thiers, wife of the first President of the French Republic, is valued at five million dollars. Each pearl is an exact copy, both in weight and coloring, of the original. The real pearl and ruby earrings were especially designed to match this exquisite necklace by a prominent pearl merchant of New York



(*Left*) A smart example of conservative design is successfully carried out in this onyx sautoir, opening in center, revealing a small place for a photograph. Platinum and diamonds achieve richness of effect. Pearls on a platinum chain form the necklace. From Marcus & Co.

JEWELRY RETURNS TRIUMPHANT

By JEANNE HALL

NO matter where one's footsteps lead, whether on the Avenue or with society in the smart restaurants, the opera or in byways of city and country life . . . everywhere, in fact, the woman of distinction is wearing jewelry. Maybe in the rarest cases a real pearl necklace. But, nevertheless, she is adorned with some article of value, even in the world of outdoor sport. Everything, in fact, from her earrings to elaborate buckles on her shoes, is admirably designed and scrupulously executed from every manner of workshop in the jeweler's sphere.

To-day it is not the market value of the piece, . . . but its effect which has a solid appeal. Shoes, gowns and hats have gradually shed that "overdressed" character and achieved the splendid note of simplicity. And why? The answer is logical. For at last a background in feminine apparel has been realized whereby the *pièce de résistance,* in every woman's possession, can stand out . . . be seen . . . not as indiscriminate jewelry, but as an article of worth and beauty . . . as a necessary feature to the ensemble of good taste.

We might consider the art of jewelry making to-day as having reached a supreme height of expression. Science has stepped into this venerable field, once dominated in bygone ages by old masters, whose sole mission it was to embellish with fancy settings the precious stones as they found them. But to-day's artizans create out of nothing almost their duplicates and accomplish such perfection of detail as to completely deceive the naked eye. Pearls of all shades, gems of every hue, cut steel marcasite and innumerable semi-precious stones of transcendent beauty, decorate every conceivable accessory of modern feminine adornment, whether worn or carried. In one word . . . jewelry is the key-note of every well-dressed woman to-day.

Madame Simone, noted French actress, as she appeared at a recent social event in New York City. Her gown, designed by Lenieff of Paris, is of cloth of silver. Two cardinal-red chiffon velvet panels sweep gracefully from each side, finishing in full-width train effect, secured at left with a bouquet of Parma violets. Note the great simplicity of design and absence of any color in her jewels, consisting of pearls and diamonds of great value. Madame Simone is making her second visit to America this year, in a well-selected repertoire of French plays wherein a marked versatility and finished technique has endeared her to devotees of Le Théâtre Français in this country

Charming, winsome Irene Bordoni tossing her irresistible smile over a soft deep chinchilla fur collar. Not posing, but merely "on her way" wearing this beautiful wrap of ashen gray moiré silk, lined throughout with faience blue satin, shot with silver. Chinchilla further triumphs in generous bands on wide bishop sleeves and around the bottom. Red, blue and gold Oriental embroidery creeps up to the waistline in conventional pattern, completing a design of unusual dignity

LES POUDRES DE COTY

When women have once known the greater individuality, the more radiant loveliness which COTY Face Powders *impart, they are delicately inflexible in preferring them to all others.—*

BLANC — NATUREL — ROSE No.1
ROSE No.2 — RACHEL No.1
RACHEL No. 2
OCRE-ROSE
OCRE

ADD STILL GREATER CHARM TO THE LOVELIEST FACES

Address "Dept. T. M.-1"
PERSONAL SERVICE BUREAU
For guidance in choosing the expressive Perfume Odeur *and correct* Face Powder *shade to intensify individuality*

COTY INC
714 *Fifth Avenue, New York*

MARILYN MILLER, LITHESOME STAR OF *PETER PAN*—A YOUTHFUL EXPONENT OF FASHIONABLE SPORT

Nickolas Muray

(*Above*) Marilyn Miller, in private life Mrs. Jack Pickford, and her Airedale "Dicky," reflecting a Peter Pan mood, ready for the fox hunt. She wears what is considered the smartest brown-and-tan whipcord riding habit for the young girl in saddle. A commendable feature, combining comfort and wear, are the new Jodphor breeches, with their smart trouser cut, and brown leather gaiter boots. The new Alpine hat is of tan velour, in keeping with the habit. Imported English crop, a vest of tan suède cloth with brass buttons, imported novelty silk handkerchief, shirt and tie, complete this chic costume from B. Altman & Co.

Nickolas Muray

(*Right*) "An invitation to tee." . . . with Miss Miller in this jaunty golf costume, is quite irresistible. The Eton style jacket is red kasha cloth, with white pearl buttons, a white leather belt, and is lined with white crêpe de Chine. White dominates the rest of the outfit, with an English box-pleat tailor skirt, light-weight hose with fine hand-worked clox in red silk, a soft imported sport felt hat that assumes any desired shape. Good-looking chamois gloves, with the customary eyelets over the knuckles, and regulation golf brogues in "washable" tan-and-brown leather, ideal for links wear, complete this delightful ensemble. The golf clubs and bag are from The Lonsdale Shop, Fifth Avenue. The complete costume from Best & Co.

172663+

MISCHA LEVITZKI AT HIS STEINWAY

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

In that dramatic moment of quiet before the first note is struck, the concert pianist marshals swiftly all his genius, his spirit, his skill. And there is scarcely a great pianist since Liszt who has not drawn, in that moment, new courage from his utter confidence in his chosen instrument—the Steinway. Paderewski, Hofmann, Levitzki—these and others of the great pianists know how perfectly the Steinway translates the mellow, golden harmonies of Schumann or the sharply etched roulades of a Bach fugue. They know how the Steinway at a touch becomes a singing, animate voice, instantly responsive to the most extraordinary demands.

There is a Steinway dealer in your community or near you through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a small cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. *Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

Prices: $875 and up

Plus transportation

Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall
109 East Fourteenth Street, New York

This knowledge of the superiority of the Steinway is shared by the public at large. For the great majority of Steinway pianos are purchased on limited incomes and for unassuming homes. As a matter of principle, it has been kept within the reach of every true lover of music—sold at the lowest possible price and upon the most convenient terms. Each of the various models is a Steinway. And each will [illegible] decade after decade, full measures of pleasure and delight. You [illegible] ever buy another piano.

That winter vacation ....*through coupons*

To go where you wish and do what you like. And still to have your source of income in your safe deposit box. The people who can afford to spend their winters where comfort and health are the first consideration are, in the majority of cases, those who have been farsighted in their investment affairs.

Let us help you plan an income-producing investment program based on the ownership of high grade bonds.

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY

National City Bank Building, New York

Offices in more than 50 leading cities throughout the world

BONDS SHORT TERM NOTES

CONFESSIONS OF A PLAYWRIGHT

(*Continued from page* 16)

services of a competent assistant, a man who later was destined to shine in the world of letters. If I did nothing else during my control of *Puck,* I shall always feel a thrill of pride in knowing that I was the humble means of bringing out that gifted writer, Henry C. Bunner. He was an accidental applicant at the office who brought some samples of his work, which caught my fancy, and as I was allowed only a small weekly sum total for contributions, I arranged with Bunner to furnish most of them. I had already employed B. B. Vallentine to contribute his *Fitznoodle* screeds. So we three supplied the contents of *Puck.*

FAMOUS LITERARY ASSOCIATES

BUT it is only fair to Bunner to admit that he was the giant among us. He could do literally anything. He wrote prose and verse with equal facility. He wrote political editorials, caustic and convincing, and I used to stand in wonder and awe, puzzling as to where and how he could have got that tone of authority in political matters—he who was still in his twenties—and had been nothing more or less than a student and yet seemed to evince a worldly knowledge that one associates only with wide contact with men and affairs.

Among those with whom Bunner and I formed a literary connection was a Mr. J. Brander Matthews (you will again note that mystic and superfluous "J"). *Puck* at that time was ridiculing in its columns the habit of "parting one's name in the middle." Matthews must eventually have come to join in this ridicule, for the "J" became as useless as a vermiform appendix and was peremptorily lopped off. And now, as I write this and realize the high renown won by this man, who, as Professor Brander Matthews, stands pre-eminent as an authority on English literature in particular and the Drama in general, I feel almost apologetic for the curt way in which I referred to him a moment ago as Matthews. (He wasn't so great then.) But I know that Brander will forgive me.

When I left *Puck,* Bunner became its editor, and it so far outstripped the German edition that the latter was soon dropped entirely, and *Puck* in English stood through many years for the most prosperous comic weekly this country had ever known. When Bunner, Keppler and Schwarzmann all died the paper was sold, and, after a succession of owners, passed out of existence. At the height of its popularity *Judge* was started as a rival, exactly like *Puck* in form and appearance. *Life* also began its career, but it was of an entirely different mold.

After my *Puck* period I attached myself in a desultory way to the theatre. I had my first fling at management. Matt Morgan and I, with mutual interests to serve, thought we could produce travesties and the like at the then Lyceum Theatre on Fourteenth Street and Sixth Avenue. This theatre must not be confused with the theatre Daniel Frohman managed on Fourth Avenue, near Twenty-third Street, nor his present one on West Forty-fifth Street. This earlier Lyceum became the Fourteenth Street Theatre and is now housing cheap movies. Some fifty years ago it was leased by the renowned Charles Fechter, the Franco-British star, who had played with success in the English company in London and came to this country endorsed by no less a light than Charles Dickens. He first appeared in this country at Niblo's Garden, in New York (a fine theatrical edifice near Prince Street, on Broadway), where he presented his own version of Hamlet with only moderate success. He introduced several startling conceits in his performance in addition to a Gallic accent. He played the part of Hamlet in a blond wig, and he cut out the famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be." He justified both of these things, the former because he held that most Danes were blonds and the latter because he claimed the soliloquy retarded the action of the play. William Winter, the prominent critic, never forgave him for these things. Winter always knelt at the shrine of Edwin Booth, whose ideal Hamlet many of us, of a later day, have no less appreciated.

FECHTER'S MECHANICAL IDEAS

FECHTER, who was rebuilding the Lyceum Theatre, had some startling ideas of mechanical innovations, and possibly the things that he outlined in the way of new scenic and lighting effects would have shown a prescience in these arts that might have astonished and endured. But it cost him so much to get started that he never opened. He went to Boston, where he became a stock star at the Globe Theatre under the management of one Selwyn (no relation to the Selwyn boys of to-day), who was so liberally backed, financially, by a Mr. Cheney that it was made possible for Fechter to exploit his unusual talents as a melodramatic actor in a series of history-making romantic plays. Among them was *Monte Cristo,* a dramatization of the Dumas romance, with which a later generation was to be made familiar by James O'Neill, the actor, father of the present rising dramatist, Eugene O'Neill. When I saw Fechter it was at a much later period when some of his charm must have worn off. He had returned to New York and played a starring engagement. Both his avoirdupois and his dialect must have increased and he no longer quite visualized the heroes of romance.

The Lyceum Theatre, before it became the Fourteenth Street Theatre, housed some great attractions, among them Ristori, the great Italian tragédi-

GILDA GRAY

Where else could she find that subtle final touch so fitting to her fair loveliness? Miss Gilda Gray uses Lablache Face Powder and Requisites. She recommends them.

LABLACHE

The Face Powder of Quality

AND

New Requisites for the Toilette

Powder Compact
2½ inches
Extra Thin Purse Size
Price, $1.00
Refill, 60c with Puff

Double Compact
2 inches
Powder and Rouge
Price, $1.50
Powder Refill, 50c with Puff

Triple Compact
2 inches
Powder, Rouge and Lipstick
Price, $1.75. Powder Refill, 50c with Puff
Three-in-one Refill $1.00 with 2 Puffs

New Glove Rouge Vanity
Orange, Medium, Dark
Price, 50c

Changeable Lipstick
Suits Any Complexion
Price, 50c

Hexagon Eyebrow Pencil
Brown and Black
Price, 35c

New Generous Dollar Box of Face Powder

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

Always the Choice of Gentlewomen

Lablache—as indescribably exquisite as flower-scented zephyrs from the Rose Garden of Omar—distinctively and incomparably *Lablache!*

Invisible, adhering, soothingly soft in texture, imparting loveliness, Lablache may now be had in a new dollar size, and dainty convenient compact. In harmony, too, with the charm of Lablache Powder, are the other new and beautiful Lablache Requisites for the toilette.

If your druggist or favorite store does not have the new Lablache Requisites write us direct, enclosing stamps, money order or check, and we will mail you by next parcel post any Lablache Requisites you desire. Sample of Lablache Face Powder—Flesh, White or Creme—sent free on request.

BEN LEVY COMPANY
Dept. 53—125 Kingston St., BOSTON

PARIS

LABLACHE

THE CHOICE OF GENTLEWOMEN FOR THREE GENERATIONS

Carolina Folk Plays

A FASCINATING CONTRIBUTION TO OUR DRAMATIC LITERATURE

Edited with an introduction on Folk Playmaking by Professor Frederick H. Koch of the University of North Carolina, who founded the Dakota Playmakers and the Carolina Playmakers.

An appendix on the dialect by Professor Tom Peete Cross, and illustrations on the actual productions. Five plays: Elizabeth A. Lays' "When Witches Ride" (3 m., 1 w.)—Harold Williamson's "Peggy," the tragedy of a tenant farmer's daughter (4 m., 2 w. and a boy)—Heffner's "Dod Gast Ye Both," a moonshiner's comedy (6 m., 1 w., a thicket in the mountains)—Dougald Macmillan's "Off Nag's Head or The Bell Buoy." Of an old woman, a mad storm and land pirates (2 m., 4 w.)—Paul Green's "The Last of the Lowries" (Croatan Outlaws, 1 m., 3 w.).

These plays are the most significant examples of American Folk Drama. They were successfully given under the direction of Prof. Koch by his students in the Carolina Mountains. With the exception of the third, all could be given in a single hut interior, slightly varied. The clear illustrations should be a great help in setting and costume. Simple and easy to act as these plays are, they are frequently strongly emotional, yet absolutely "clean." Has Professor Koch done for America what the Abbey Players did for Ireland?

What the Reviewers Say

Walter Prichard Eaton in The Drama: "Frederick Koch is doing a wonderful work. . . . He is teaching young people to write their own plays, about their own people and their lives, stage them, costume them, act them."

Paul L. Benjamin in The Survey: "A rich and splendid vein of our native drama."

YOU CAN GET THIS BOOK FREE

"Carolina Folk Plays" sells at $1.75. You can get it FREE with one new yearly subscription to Theatre Magazine.

GRASP THIS OPPORTUNITY

Theatre Magazine,
– t 45th St., New York.

Gen. .n:

I . ose herewith $4.00, for which please enter the following yearly subscription and s . me FREE, a copy of "Carolina Folk Plays."

.....

.....

My Na .....

My Address .....

Foreign custom duties extra

enne; Seebach, the equally great German actress; the Grau Opera Company and others. But it never paid.

At the time Matt Morgan and I cast our eyes on the Lyceum it was dark and in the market at a nominal weekly rental. This was in 1878, and my ability to raise the necessary capital was singularly enough made possible through my first stage effort, namely, that one-act farce, *Off the Stage,* written for that certain festive occasion. Among the guests were two brothers, wine merchants, friends of the family, who were indulgently enthusiastic about the trifling dramatic entertainment, and when they manifested equal enthusiasm over *Rosemi Shell,* my first professional effort at the Eagle Theatre, I was emboldened to approach them for backing. They fell. And it was so easy! I have since wondered many a time during frantic and heartrending efforts for financial support how I ever in those days accomplished the impossible with so little effort. It must have been the usual blind luck of the novice. Experience makes that sort of thing a lost art.

I wrote another travesty, this time of one of Daly's big productions, *Pique.* I called it *The Pique Family.* The subtle wit of this title lay in the fact that at this time there was a traveling troupe of Swiss bell-ringers calling themselves the Peak Family.

ORIGIN OF VAUDEVILLE

I WON'T go into the many dismal details regarding that enterprise. Our idea, Morgan's and mine, was to give a mixed entertainment. It was mixed all right. What it lacked was entertainment. We had songs and dances introduced at an alleged garden party and we wound up with my travesty.

We called it vaudeville. I want to place on record here that the term "vaudeville" was first applied to a mixed entertainment by us in 1876. It was even then a misnomer, for the French title vaudeville is used only to apply to a comedy with interspersed songs. But we took liberties with the word and used it to cover a mixed bill. We never dreamed that we should become the sires of every variety show that came after and that to-day the term "variety" is no longer in use as applied to the Keith, Proctor and Loew shows that entertain the tired business man. So we made some kind of history, even in a small way, with this feeble enterprise.

It was so feeble that one day, when Matt Morgan and I had a discussion as to what he should do next, he suddenly left the room, saying "I'll be back in fifteen minutes." I did not see him again for fifteen years. At the end of this time, gifted and versatile man that he was, he had become the artistic head of the great Strobridge Lithographic Company and the best known scenic artist in this country.

As I have tried to avoid wearying my readers too much up till now with details about my early impecunious and rebellious youth, which compelled me at so early an age to shift for myself, I shall be forgiven for baldly stating here that at this juncture of my career the bread-and-butter question obtruded itself forcibly.

Nothing but the theatre tempted me, and while I made sporadic attempts to publish my own theatrical journals with unsatisfactory results, I always returned to work for the theatre. I wrote sketches to order for different managers and actors. I was once summoned to write a sketch for a certain vaudeville team that completely baffled me, but that will stand telling on another occasion.

TRANSLATING FROM THE GERMAN

WHILE casting about for work, after my managerial experience, I remembered that I was conversant with the German language. When I use that adjective, I mean that I had more than a mere smattering. In my childhood I had not only the accidental advantage of German parentage, but I had received instruction from private tutors. Translating is a very much abused word. It is very seldom on the play-bills of to-day that we read "Translated by So-and-So." It it usually "Adapted by So-and-So." Adaptation nine times out of ten is but a camouflage for an inefficient translation. Augustin Daly used to employ a man who Englished his German plays. He paid him twenty-five dollars a week. Then the great Augustin would adapt them by interpolating some colloquial American touches, and they were known as Augustin Daly's Comedies from the German.

The point I wish to emphasize now is the rarity with which a translation, which should be the equivalent of the original, is shown to the public. The hack writer who does the Englishing gives what is called a "literal translation"—it is rarely even that—for a moderate sum, and the man who gets the larger pay for adapting it guesses at its purport and delivers the product to be performed. That is why there are so many weird conceits put before the public as foreign plays.

I decided to translate a German play, but I wanted you to know what I meant by the word "translation," and even now, before I am chronologically compelled to tell you about my first effort in that line, I want to skip a few years and bring up to a more recent date a vindication of my theory of "translating" as opposed to "adapting."

A good many theatregoers may recall the play, *At the White Horse Tavern,* which ran a season at Wallack's. It was a translation of the German comedy, *Im Weissen Roessel,* written by the two most flourishing comedy writers of Berlin during the nineties, Oscar Blumenthal and Gustave Kadelburg. They had furnished Augustin Daly with the originals of some dozen of his successes. Daly, who had an option on all the Blumenthal and Kadelburg plays, allowed

The Newest and Most Remarkable of Musical Instruments

THE BRUNSWICK RADIOLA—Combining the world-noted Brunswick Phonograph with the superlative in radio, the Radiola Super-Heterodyne and Regenoflex. *What it is and does—some amazing features*

LESS than six weeks ago, this new instrument was first announced.

Today, famous artists, musicians, critics, scores of America's representative people have joined in paying tribute to what world's authorities acclaim the outstanding musical achievement of the day.

Whatever may be your conception of the musical possibilities of radio, or of *complete* and *permanent* home entertainment, you are urged to hear it.

All the music of all the world; the music of yesterday or today at the simple turn of the lever!

The Brunswick Radiola marks the joint achievement of the leader in musical reproduction with the leader in radio to attain the ultimate. A scientific combination, developed by the Brunswick laboratories in connection with the Radio Corporation, it embodies the best that men know in music and in radio.

Not a makeshift, not simply a radio receiver set in a phonograph, but a perfected, tested and proved combination. An instrument you can buy with positive and absolute assurance of lasting satisfaction throughout the years to come.

The world-famous Brunswick Method of Reproduction has been subsidized to do for radio what it has done for music. The result in clarity, beauty and tonal quality is equaled only by the sweeping versatility of this remarkable instrument.

* * * *

At the turn of a lever, you have radio's greatest thrill, the amazing Radiola Super-Heterodyne or Radiola Regenoflex to bring the mysteries of the air into your home, with tonal possibilities multiplied.

The Brunswick Radiola Super-Heterodyne

—some remarkable features

1. Requires no outside antenna — no ground wires. You can move it from room to room—plays wherever you place it.
2. Amazing selectivity permitting you to "cut out" what you *don't* want to hear and *pick out* instantly what you do. Consider what this means in big centers.
3. Combines the superlative in radio with the superlative in phonographic reproduction — a phonograph and a radio in one.

At another turn, you have the recorded music of all time at your command—your favorite records played as only a Brunswick can play them.

Nothing in music—music in the making, the current triumphs of famous artists of the New Hall of Fame, the music of yesterday, today, tomorrow—is thus beyond your reach. Consider what this means to you; the advantages it offers to your children.

The Brunswick Radiola occupies immeasurably a unique position in the world of musical art.

Moderate prices—liberal terms of payment —instruments now on display

So as to bring this instrument within the means of every home, many different types and styles have been developed—and liberal terms of payment provided.

Some are priced as low as $190, embodying the master craftsmanship in cabinet work which characterizes Brunswick.

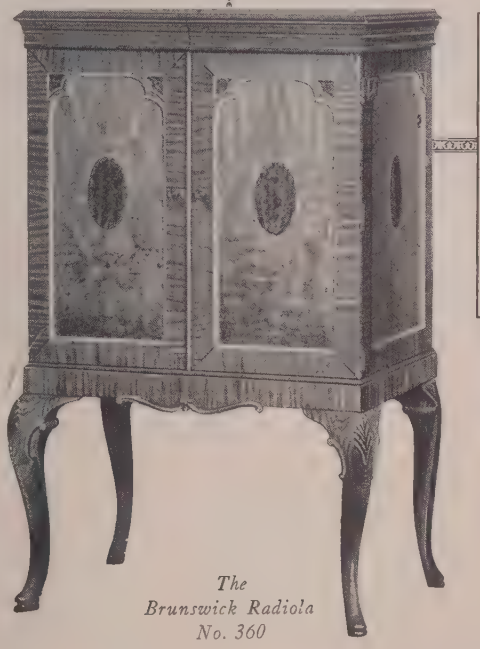
Some embody the noted Radiola Super-Heterodyne. Others the Radiola Regenoflex, the Radiola No. 3 and 3A.

See now at Brunswick dealers so as to be sure of delivery

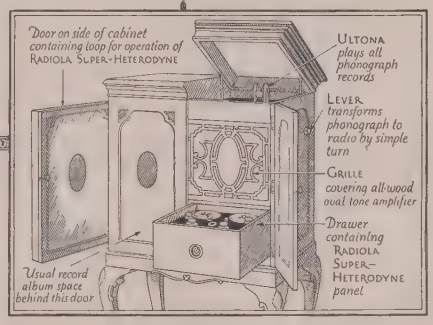
Advance models are now on display at your local Brunswick dealer's.

To be sure of getting one of these instruments, *choose now.*

Special demonstrations, day and night, at the "Sign of Musical Prestige"—your Brunswick dealer.



The Brunswick Radiola No. 360


Door on side of cabinet containing loop for operation of Radiola Super-Heterodyne
Ultona plays all phonograph records
Lever transforms phonograph to radio by simple turn
Grille covering all-wood oval tone amplifier
Drawer containing Radiola Super-Heterodyne panel
Usual record album space behind this door

The Brunswick Radiola No. 160

©B. B. C. Co. 1924

The Sign of Musical Prestige

Brunswick

PHONOGRAPHS · RECORDS · RADIOLAS

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE COLLENDER CO.

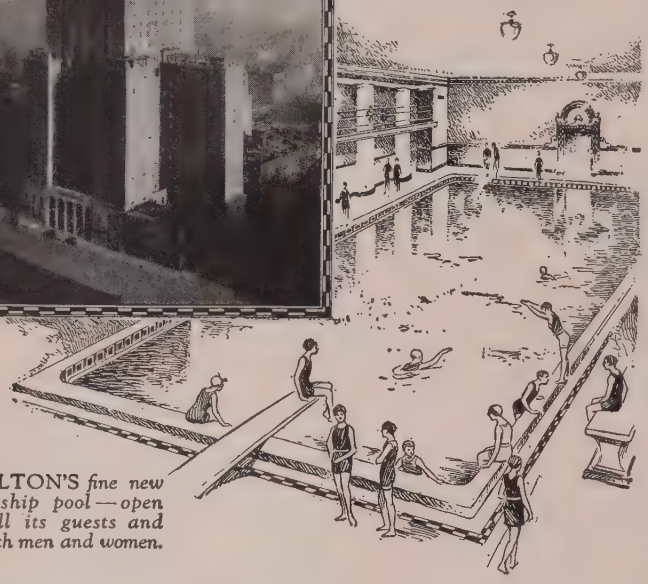
Manufacturers—Established 1845

General Offices: Chicago

Branches in all principal cities

Remember—Brunswick now offers the choice of two musical instruments; the Brunswick Phonograph alone and the Brunswick Radio, and the Brunswick Radiola, which is a phonograph and a radio in one.

Since The SHELTON *pool has been opened to both men and women it has become the most popular meeting place of New York's young society.*



The SHELTON'S *fine new championship pool—open now to all its guests and friends, both men and women.*

Offers you more than any other New York hotel

New standards of hotel comfort and luxury have been established

The many unusual recreational advantages of *The* SHELTON make it an ideal place for professional people to live.

THE POOL, however, is only one of the many luxuries that SHELTON guests are privileged to enjoy—there are the lounges, the completely equipped gymnasium, the Solarium, the Turkish bath, the game rooms, a Westchester County golf course, the bowling alleys—and every service of a first class hotel.

Convenient to Broadway theaters, yet far enough away for you to enjoy your rest without having to take a long trip to the suburbs each night.

Whether you live here permanently or just visit the city for a short time, you cannot get more for your money

Rentals are unbelievably low—less than for similar sized unfurnished accommodations in this desirable Park Avenue vicinity.

Applications for permanent or temporary residence may be made at any time—by both men and women. The highest references are required.

The SHELTON

48th Street and Lexington Avenue, New York

A block from Park Avenue *A few steps from Grand Central*

OUR PRESIDENTS AND THE ACTOR

(*Continued from page* 10)

President Cleveland, trained in Presbyterianism, expressed himself as surprised that he had no moral compunctions in addressing the ninth annual meeting of the Actors' Fund of America in 1890. Yet Augustus Thomas is authority for the statement that when it was suggested to Cleveland that he appoint his friend, Billy Florence, to the post of Ambassador to France, the President declined on the score that to appoint an actor to such high service would be a shock to the people of the country.

It is not so difficult to measure the liking of John Adams for the theatre; many a gossipy reference to it is to be found in his diary notations. To the flicker of an eyelash he watched his contemporaries, and we have such hints as that Washington was peeved because, one rainy night, the President being announced for the performance, the house was scarcely half full. We see how supreme a flatterer Adams could be in the case of his championing the polemic pen of Mercy Warren, our Revolutionary dramatist. But he was not the inveterate student of drama that John Quincy Adams was. The White House came very near having the name of Shakespeare writ upon its doors while "J. Q." was there, for there was no more devoted champion of the Bard than he. The Kembles were his friends; James H. Hackett was his correspondent, and a sheaf of letters could be gathered showing how a one-time President and an actor crossed swords on points of interpretation and analysis.

SHAKESPEARE IN WASHINGTON

THE city of Washington has often heard official designation of the worth of Shakespeare, though there have been Presidents who, like Charles Lamb, have preferred reading him to seeing him. Lincoln was simple in his designation. To Hackett he once wrote: "Unlike you gentlemen of the profession, I think the soliloquy in *Hamlet,* commencing 'Oh, my offense is rank,' surpassing that commencing 'To be or not to be.' But pardon this small attempt at criticism. I should like to hear you pronounce the opening speech of *Richard III.* Will you not soon visit Washington again? If you do, please call and let me make your personal acquaintance."

While at the Harvard Law School in 1843, Rutherford B. Hayes recorded an adventure: "For the first time in my life I went to the theatre last week. I have been in Thespian societies, but never before in a regular theatre. I heard Mr. Macready play Hamlet. The part I suppose was well acted, but I take about as much pleasure in reading the play as I did in hearing it." This from the great-grandfather of Grant Mitchell!

When Cleveland was in office, just after the Venezuela misunderstanding, Shakespeare's birthday was celebrated in Birmingham, England. For this occasion Cleveland sent a literary *entente cordiale.* "Surely," he ended in his letter, "if English speech supplies the token of united effort for the good of mankind and the impulse of an exalted mission, we do well to fittingly honor the name and memory of William Shakespeare." In his Actors' Fund address he declared that "We all see less and less reason why our ministers should quote Shakespeare from their pulpits and we be prohibited from seeing and hearing his works better interpreted on the stage."

TEDDY ON THE BARD

NOT so charitable—though less condescending—was the attitude of Roosevelt when he was preparing his traveling library to take with him to Africa. The confession is included in the recent Archie Butt Letters. For the first time Shakespeare confronts the Big Stick. In Shaw and Tolstoi the stick becomes a scalpel. Wrote Roosevelt:

> In spite of the fact that I do not care for Shakespeare, I will take him, because I can get all of him in three pocket volumes. I don't care for dramatic poetry, but, of course, you get a lot of compressed thought in Shakespeare. I will take him, just as the soldier takes the emergency ration, not for the quality, but for the largest amount of sustenance in the smallest possible space.

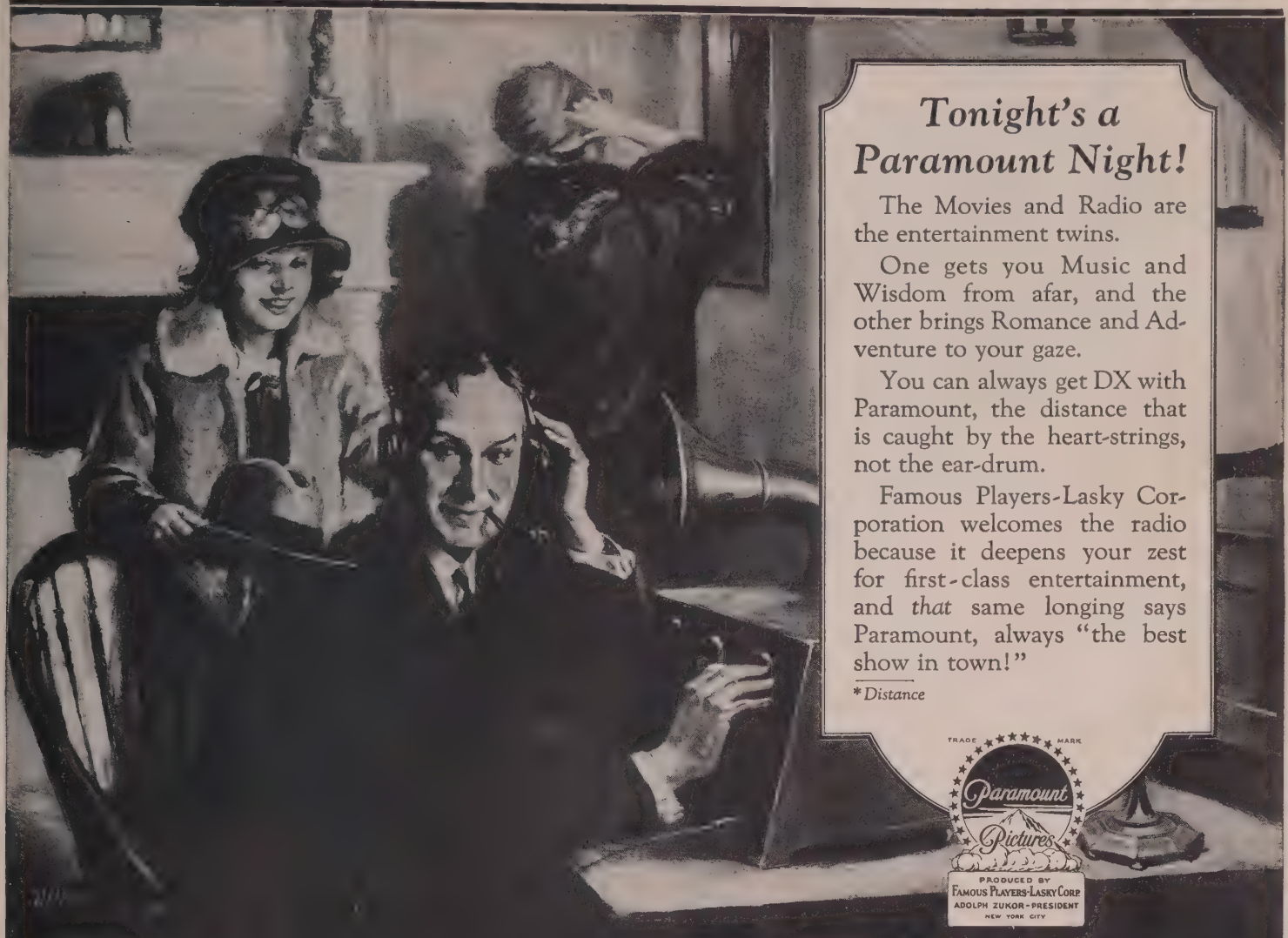
He really found more entertainment in a visit from John L. Sullivan!

John Quincy Adams, however, was the inspired commentator. He went out of his way to meet players and talk with them about his beloved hobby. He wrote verses to Ellen Tree; he sought Fanny Kemble. And to Hackett he unburdened his literary opinions. For Adams was firmly convinced that Shakespeare was often grossly misinterpreted on the stage.

While Monroe was still President and John Q. Adams his Secretary of State, Lafayette visited this country and was entertained at the theatre. It was the evening of February 8, 1825, and Cooper's benefit. *Damon and Pythias* was the bill, with an afterpiece. General Jackson accompanied the President and his guest. "A hundred members of Congress were there," records Adams. How the times have changed!

The stage received in the course of its history much political recognition. The first stage office-holder that comes to mind is connected with a pretty story. No one in his day was held in greater renown than the actor T. A. Cooper. He had reached ripe years when his daughter, Priscilla, who, in 1834, had been playing with her father in *Virginius,* married the son of President Tyler, and found herself, on his accession to the White House, presiding lady of the land. Cooper was quite an old man and ready to retire. So the President tried to have his nomination for Surveyor of the Port of Philadelphia confirmed by the Senate; he failed. Later in the Polk administration Cooper became an inspector at the New York Custom House.

You can always get DX* at the Movies!



Tonight's a Paramount Night!

The Movies and Radio are the entertainment twins.

One gets you Music and Wisdom from afar, and the other brings Romance and Adventure to your gaze.

You can always get DX with Paramount, the distance that is caught by the heart-strings, not the ear-drum.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation welcomes the radio because it deepens your zest for first-class entertainment, and *that* same longing says Paramount, always "the best show in town!"

**Distance*

TRADE MARK
Paramount Pictures
PRODUCED BY
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
ADOLPH ZUKOR-PRESIDENT
NEW YORK CITY

Paramount Pictures

10 Current Paramount Pictures

Produced by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present

"THE GOLDEN BED"
A CECIL B. De MILLE PRODUCTION
Screen play by Jeanie Macpherson. With Rod La Rocque, Vera Reynolds, Lillian Rich, Warner Baxter, Theodore Kosloff and Julia Faye. From the book entitled "The Golden Bed," by Wallace Irwin.

J. M. BARRIE'S
"PETER PAN"
A HERBERT BRENON Production
From the immortal story and play. Assisted by Roy Pomeroy. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck.

"ARGENTINE LOVE"
An ALLAN DWAN Production
With BEBE DANIELS, Ricardo Cortez. From the story by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. Adapted by John Russell. Scenario by Gerald Duffy.

"NORTH OF 36"
An IRVIN WILLAT Production
With Jack Holt, Lois Wilson, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery. From the story by Emerson Hough. Screen play by James Hamilton.

"TONGUES OF FLAME"
Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN
A JOSEPH HENABERY Production
From the story by Peter Clark Macfarlane. Screen play by Townsend Martin.

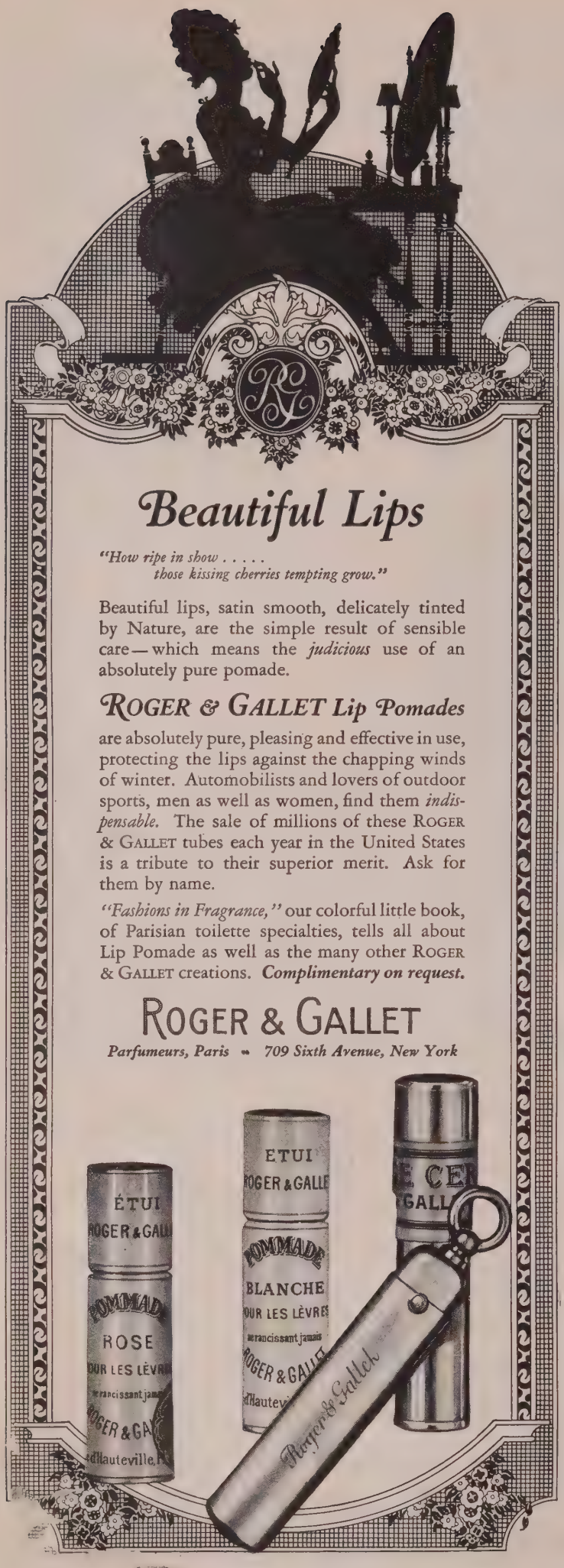
"LOCKED DOORS"
A WM. de MILLE PRODUCTION
With Betty Compson, Theodore Roberts, Kathlyn Williams, Theodore Von Eltz and Robert Edeson. Written and adapted by Clara Beranger.

"MANHATTAN"
Starring RICHARD DIX. An R. H. BURNSIDE Production. From the novel "The Definite Object," by Jeffery Farnol.

REX BEACH'S
"A SAINTED DEVIL"
Starring RUDOLPH VALENTINO
A JOSEPH HENABERY Production. From the Rex Beach novel "Rope's End." Adapted by Forrest Halsey.

"MERTON OF THE MOVIES"
A JAMES CRUZE Production
Starring GLENN HUNTER. With Viola Dana. From Harry Leon Wilson's novel and the play by Kaufman and Connelly. Screen play by Walter Woods.

"FORBIDDEN PARADISE"
Starring POLA NEGRI
An ERNEST LUBITSCH Production
With Rod La Rocque, Adolphe Menjou, Pauline Starke. From "The Czarina," by Biro and Lengyel. Screen play by Agnes Christine Johnston and Hans Kraly.


Beautiful Lips
"How ripe in show . . . . .
those kissing cherries tempting grow."
Beautiful lips, satin smooth, delicately tinted by Nature, are the simple result of sensible care—which means the judicious use of an absolutely pure pomade.
ROGER & GALLET Lip Pomades
are absolutely pure, pleasing and effective in use, protecting the lips against the chapping winds of winter. Automobilists and lovers of outdoor sports, men as well as women, find them indispensable. The sale of millions of these ROGER & GALLET tubes each year in the United States is a tribute to their superior merit. Ask for them by name.
"Fashions in Fragrance," our colorful little book, of Parisian toilette specialties, tells all about Lip Pomade as well as the many other ROGER & GALLET creations. Complimentary on request.
ROGER & GALLET
Parfumeurs, Paris • 709 Sixth Avenue, New York
ÉTUI
POMMADE
ROSE
ETUI
POMMADE
BLANCHE
Roger & Gallet

THE THEATRE GUILD'S NEW HOME

(*Continued from page 9*)

to his illusions, and there are some illusions in the theatre that no amount of versatility can create.

There is, for example, the illusion of youth, infinitely dearer to our audiences than the Continental. Even were the old joke about the Comédie Française true, that it is so encumbered with red tape it takes a woman until she is forty to get a chance at an ingénue rôle, it would not be nearly so disastrous in Paris as in New York. It follows, therefore, that an adequate repertoire company achieving the grade of production for which the Guild stands, must be large, and even with all the co-operation one can expect from the actors, extremely expensive. It will take at least two theatres to carry it. It will take something more—it will take a persistent strength of mind to prevent the choice of plays being conditioned by acting material on hand. This is a most insidious temptation in the theatre. The commercial manager frankly chooses his play for his star, and the same tendency is traceable right down through the stock company. The Guild ideal has always been the play, and I sincerely hope that while we recognize the value of developing the art of acting by repertoire, we will not subordinate the end to the means. It must be the company for the play and never the play for the company. The play itself must remain our ultimate goal.

STAGE ASPIRANTS' PARADISE

THE number of letters I get a week from earnest aspirants to the stage, asking for a chance to learn and be tried out, is discouraging, in view of the very few opportunities we are able to offer. The necessity of opening our plays "cold" in New York after the minimum four weeks of rehearsal—we are unable to afford more—before the most critical of audiences and in competition with the best in production that the commercial manager has to offer, naturally makes experimenting in casting difficult, if not impossible.

AN EXPERIMENTAL SCHOOL

IT is to overcome this obstacle and to give the youngster or the actor new to New York an opportunity that we have organized the Student Players, a group of young people who entered the Guild most inconspicuously at the back door, as it were, but of whom many have risen successfully and with comparative speed into the ranks of our regular players. This group continues to have coherence even after its members go out to other managements and to rehearse plays privately under competent directors in a way that is of fundamental value both to the Guild and to themselves. Originally assembled in a somewhat haphazard fashion, the group has been both weeded out and added to and is in process of becoming a well-organized unit. The School of the Theatre, which we expect to have under way in the fall of 1925, will not displace this group. Rather, we intend the Student Players to serve as a link between the school and the regular Guild companies.

As for the school itself, our hope is to have it as free as possible of the traditional pedagogic quality and as near the living spirit of apprenticeship as may be. Unless the training we have to offer is grounded on a real faith in and love for the art of the theatre, its relation to the Theatre Guild will be meaningless.

CONFESSIONS OF A PLAYWRIGHT

(*Continued from page 52*)

that option to lapse, because he could not see how this last play of theirs could be successfully adapted. It was in a way local to Germany and showed the contrast of character between the Berliners and the Viennese.

It was fortunate for me that Daly had forfeited this play. When I saw it in Berlin, where it had been running for a year, I was delighted with it. It had, in addition to its local contrasts, an unusual string of droll incidents. I had never seen more entertainment crowded into three acts. I realized at once that to "adapt" this play would be to ruin it. It had to be translated. Not literally, of course, for to literally translate some of its quaint dialectic quirks would have been impossible; but an equivalent for many of them could be found, and where that was not feasible, the retention of some of its own phrases as quotations could be resorted to.

I secured the rights to the play, and rendered it, according to the above plan, into English. I disposed of it to Mr. Daniel Frohman, who produced it at Wallack's Theatre with a fine cast, which included among others the since risen Leo Ditrichstein. It ran for a season in New York and for two further seasons on the road. My only claim for myself in the matter is that I appreciated its possibilities and translated it according to my understanding of the word. The money returns were fairly large, for I had by this time outgrown the small sums that had erstwhile been the reward of my labors.

(*To be continued*)

THE man who offers you a Melachrino Cigarette never apologizes. He offers to share with you the best that good taste can select.
Plain ~ Cork or Straw Tips
M. MELACHRINO & CO.
INCORPORATED
EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES
REGISTERED
TRADE MARK
ESTABLISHED 1879
ORIGINAL
MELACHRINO
"The one cigarette sold the world over"

Madison Avenue
at 47th. Street
NEW YORK

Men's Luncheon Service
47th Street Entrance

Maillard

Confections

Breakfast
Luncheon ~ Tea

Michigan
at Jackson
CHICAGO

The Luxury Cruise

Mediterranean

Palestine - Egypt

A pleasure cruise exceeding every expectation —
Luxurious comfort, perfect service, enjoyable entertainment, on board the "Rotterdam."
Scenic splendor, strange and thrilling sights in interesting Old World lands,

By the famous "ROTTERDAM" (4th Cruise)
Leaving New York, February 4, 1925

Under the HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE's own management
The "ROTTERDAM"
24,170 tons register, 37,190 tons displacement
Has a world-wide reputation for the magnificence and comfort of her appointments, the surpassing excellence of her cuisine and the high standards of service and management on board.
SIXTY-SIX DAYS OF DELIGHTFUL DIVERSION
ITINERARY includes Madeira, Lisbon, Cadiz, Seville, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Athens, Constantinople, the **Holy Land** and **Egypt, Italy** and the **Riviera.**
Carefully planned Shore Excursions. Stopover in Europe. **Cruise limited to 550 guests**

American Express Co. Agents in Charge of Shore Excursions
Illustrated Folder "P" on request
For choice selection of accommodations make reservations NOW

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE
21-24 State Street, New York
Boston Philadelphia Pittsburgh Chicago Minneapolis
St. Louis Detroit Atlanta, Ga. Seattle New Orleans
San Francisco Mexico City Montreal Toronto
Or any authorized Steamship Agent

GALSWORTHY AGAIN SCORES WITH MASTERLY PLAY

(*Continued from page 26*)

heart's blood, that sensuous, scheming, sleek Lillith with such a subtle passion for evil, that she-devil whose kisses are slimy with poison and whose words are poignards to drive men to destruction. Such is the vitality of her creation, the power and intensity of her study that we forget that this is only one facet of her diamond genius. It was in a short-lived, tender little play by Rowland Pertree that she first came to the front. Here she took the part of a mother, a poor servant-maid struggling, suffering, enduring for the sake of her child. It was so human, so genuine. No insipidities, no false sentimentalities, no theatrical insincerities marred her study. She made us admire her for her courage, compelled us to understanding and pity, and we loved her for her worth. She imposed the beauty of motherhood on us with countless touches of self-revelation. For Edith Evans has such personality, such dominating force, that once she takes the stage she becomes the focal point of our attention. Hers is no Greuze prettiness. She has none of the Maud Goodman saccharine in her composition. She radiates mental and emotional energy. Strong, intellectual, alive with mastering power she builds up her studies, meticulously careful of detail, yet never suggesting conscious artistry. Her soul burns in the flow of her words, the timbre of her voice, the intensity of her mobile features. It gives sweep and surety to her characterization. Is it any wonder that so keen and fine a judge as G. B. Shaw should select her for *Heartbreak House* and *Back to Methuselah?* The verdict of Birmingham not only endorsed his choice, but reverberated through London, loud in unanimous praise of her distinctive performances, and when Congreve's *Way of the World* was revived at Hammersmith, not a lover of good acting failed to see her as Millamant. She was at her happiest in this light, vibrant dialogue. Her lively and arresting characterization, so delightful in those scenes where reputations are murdered by gossip, her witty sallies and her sudden flashes where she touched a human note deep beneath this veneer of brilliant artificiality won spontaneous acclamation. She has a remarkable instinct for comedy and everywhere is she hailed as our greatest comédienne. But three years ago she was scarcely known, yet her success is no ephemeral pyrotechnic brilliance. It was not fostered by *réclame*. It is built on the solid foundation of hard work. She is passionately devoted to her art, never slipshod in her methods, never content with her successes. She will give as much thought to a Sunday-night performance or a brief one-act appearance in our bijou Hampstead Theatre as she does to a West End production destined for a run.

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page 22*)

himself has injected into the show that makes it click. His gorgeous last act, exquisite and beautiful in the Ziegfeld manner, was an inspiration, and the applause that greeted the fall of the curtain told the producer in unmistakable terms that he had once more struck twelve on Broadway.

But apart from the color and beauty of the settings, the grace and snap of the good-looking, prettily costumed ballet, it is on Billie Burke's fair and dainty shoulders that the chief burden rests. To say that she carries the responsibility with her usual skill and seductive charm says but little. I have never seen her more fascinating or appealing. She has not a very robust voice, but it is a sweet, refined voice and she knows how to use it. Her comedy was a joy, and the songs she sung—well, I could sit and listen to all the songs ever written as long as Billie Burke would sing them.

May Vokes was seen as Lottie—her original part. This actress has been playing comic slaveys so long that her humor has become somewhat mechanical and stale. Marion Green was in good voice as the missing husband, and Mary Lawler, a pretty, plump young person, astonished the baldhead row by the height to which she could reach with her pedal extremities. Easter and Hazelton were quite delightful in the Faun dance in the woods.

Silence

Melodrama in three acts by Max Marcin. Produced by Crosby Gaige at the National Theatre November 12, with the following cast:

Mallory, Jack Bennett; Prison Guard, Noel Connors; Andrew Pritchard, Philip Lord; Jim Warren, H. B. Warner; Alva Clarke, John Stokes; Priest, H. Cooper Cliffe; Mollie Burke, Clare Weldon; Harry Silvers, John Wray; Phyllis, Alton Goodrich; Mamie, Virginia Lee Moore; Francine, Marion Haslup; Rose, Aillene Loeb; Nolan, Lysle Witherbee; Policeman, Walter W. Shuttleworth; Norma Drake, Flora Sheffield; Phil Powers, Frederick Perry; Dr. Thorpe, Granville Bates; Alderman Connors, W. C. Hodges; Norma Powers, Flora Sheffield; Arthur Lawrence, Grant Mills; Cora, Joan France; Father Ryan, John Lyons.

— the true servitor of beauty!

IT was only yesterday that she had *wondered.*

Her classic beauty, aglow with a rose complexion and aflame with eyes like twin candles; her gown, product of a silk-hall of Flanders and masterpiece of a couturier of Paris; her pearls, nestled like opalescent dew-drops around the pale contour of her neck—all mirrored back as if in mockery, "*Something!* You are not beautiful."

Then just a hint. Today the indefinable has become the indispensable.

Previously, generous Nature had made her unaware. Now she remembered the boudoirs of Paris and Versailles, the links of New York and Tuxedo—wherever she had seen women who love the supreme artistry of life, there she realized she had seen Worshippers at the shrine of beautiful, colorful hair.

And what was it that assisted Nature so simply, so quickly and so faithfully? Indeed it was the famous preparation prepared from the formula of Dr. Charles Marchand, *Graduate Ecole Centrale des Arts et Manufactures de Paris.*

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is specially prepared to transform the hair to exquisite tints of rich brown, attractive auburn or beautiful golden shades. Charming results attained, easily, quickly and safely.

Used by French coiffeurs, especially in New York, for over twenty years.

FREE

CHARLES MARCHAND & CO.
220 West 42d Street, New York

Please send me your booklet, "The Care and Treatment of the Hair."

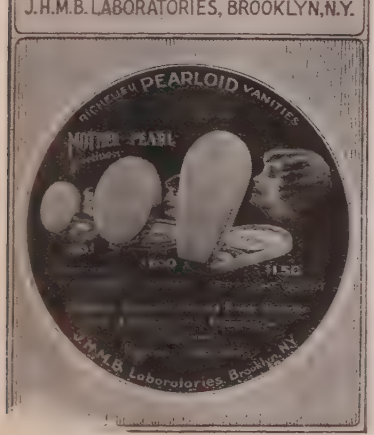
Name _____

Address _____

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Charming
Richelieu Pearl Rope
Gray-Black & Rose-White
QUALITY M $25.00
COMPLETE WITH
PEARLOID-AMBER
GIFT CASE
At the better Shops
Richelieu Label Guarantee
is the necessary endorsement

Free Barbara LaMarr
Illustrated book "Modes in Pearls"
ADDRESS YOUR JEWELERS OR
J.H.M.B. LABORATORIES, BROOKLYN, N.Y.



THE VANITY BOX

By JEANNE HALL

COULD that very sophisticated sage who once said, "You cannot paint the lily," . . . make a visit to some of the fashionable *Salons de Beauté* in this A. D. 1924 . . . and witness the ingeniousness of modern science, he would blush for the hastiness of his observation. For the woman of to-day defies nature, where fashion has decreed "no hips, no bust and straight lines." But the means by which she accomplishes the impossible is a matter of deepest mystery to the more fortunate onlooker who does not need to reduce.

There, the word is out. . . . Reduce, the battle cry of the hour. It may be that you too have joined the valiant ranks of the "I must get thin-s." And *à propos* of this mighty subject, we were greatly impressed the other evening with what Theresa Maxwell Conover had to say. For in the splendid Shubert comedy, *Parasites,* as Mrs. Clarence Drummond, Miss Conover interprets with rare artistry the sad spectacle of an older woman terrified at her fading beauty and desperately clinging to rouge and powder.

After the play we begged an interview with Miss Conover. And during the "business" of taking off make-up she hit upon the immortal subject . . . reducing.

"Do you know," she said in a most cordially informative mood, "I've just discovered a miracle in reducing. It happened this way," and to the further accompaniment of cold-cream smearing and spraying of what-nots from various bottles on her dresser, we listened breathlessly.

"By some erroneous trick of fate I have earned the reputation of being in a class all by myself . . . for contrary experiences. Recently I wanted to gain weight (just about twenty pounds more) and consulted one of our well-known authorities on this subject. I was given two jars of a special massage cream, supposedly for my particular case." Here a heavy sigh warned us that things were not as they should be.

"Well, you mean to . . ."

"No, oh, dear no. What do you suppose happened? I noticed that my hips of late were fast disappearing, just where I wanted to put on more flesh too. I immediately hopped on the scales and discovered I had lost eighteen pounds."

We didn't know what to say. But recalling Miss Conover's previous allusion to "contrary experiences," we kept silent.

"When I discovered their error, I was furious. Why, for the past few weeks I religiously massaged with this cream . . . in several spots" (confidentially whispered) . . . "and all I can say is, that if the woman who really is weary of exercising and struggling with other so-called 'reducing antics,' knew of this cream, her troubles would be at an end."

Then Miss Conover took out a small rose leather pad from her purse, with "Rendezvous" written in attractive gold script on the cover.

"Oh, that's awfully dainty," we were saying as she wrote down the name of this cream.

"Yes, and handy, too. A sort of safety record for one's dates. With the attached carbon, I keep a copy and give the original to you. Francine Larrimore, our star, told me about it" . . . she replied. We certainly had never seen one like it before.

For information on the reducing cream and Rendezvous pad mentioned in this article, write to Vanity Box, care of THEATRE MAGAZINE, *2 West 45th Street, New York City.*

Vanity Box readers—those who are in town, or who expect to come to New York for holiday shopping—will be interested to know that there will be on display in Room 1600A, 2 West 45th Street, a showing of the latest Parisian novelties, any of which would make fascinating gifts for the holidays, for weddings or birthdays, at prices that are decidedly reasonable.

Gray Hair Banished

USE this wonderful new liquid preparation that is highly praised by foremost Fifth Avenue Beauty Salons.

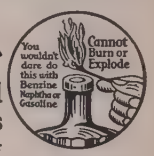
HENALFA RAPIDE

Guaranteed to tint gray or faded hair any shade. Only one application needed. Takes less than five minutes to apply. No previous washing necessary. Will not stain the scalp nor rub off. Leaves hair soft and glossy. Not affected by washing. Every shade. Jet black to Golden Brown. Sent anywhere for $2.10 postpaid. Nothing better at any price. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

B. CLEMENT
Dept. T, 67 W. 49th St. New York, N. Y.
Consultation and booklet free

One of many everyday uses.
For Removing Chewing Gum
from Carpets, Rugs, Upholstery, Clothing, Shoes, Floors, etc., read directions on label and in booklet under label of every bottle.

For Safety's Sake-demand
CARBONA
UNBURNABLE
Cleaning Fluid
REMOVES GREASE SPOTS
Without Injury to Fabric or Color
20¢ 30¢ 60¢ & $1. Size Bottles at all Drug Stores



Maybelline
DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES
EYELASHES and BROWS
INSTANTLY, makes them appear *naturally* dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. BLACK or BROWN, obtainable in solid cake form or waterproof liquid. *75c at your dealer's* or direct postpaid.
MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO

Everybody likes good music. Nearly everybody would like to play a musical instrument. And very soon everybody *will* be playing one, for *anybody* can play a Hohner Harmonica.

Twelve million music lovers, young and old, have learned to call the Hohner Harmonica "That Musical Pal of Mine." They know that there's nothing like good music for happiness, and nothing like a Hohner for good music.

Don't hum—play it on a Hohner. Get one today—50¢ up—and ask for the Free Instruction Book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 199, New York City.

If you want a musical treat ask to hear Victor Record 19421, by Borrah Minevitch.

HOHNER HARMONICAS

The Fifth Avenue Centennial and French Fashion

Roses Symbolizing Boué Soeurs' Enchaining the Modes of the Past to the Fashion of the Present

What Fifth Avenue is to New York, Boué Soeurs are to fashion—a crystallization of history into one beautiful unit and an adaptation of the fantasy of the past to the needs of the present.

A Boué Soeurs gown is an interpretation of the fascinating Louis Quinze epoch as seen through the genius of Madame de Montegut and Baroness J. d'Etreillis, the famous Boué sisters.

Founded in Paris in 1900, Boué Soeurs established their New York salons in 1914, attaining during these ten years the pinnacle of fame and success.

The imaginative originality which distinguishes Boué Soeurs gowns is especially evident in the new Palm Beach collection just arrived from the Paris establishment. *Madame* must see it soon!

A Century of Talent in One Decade

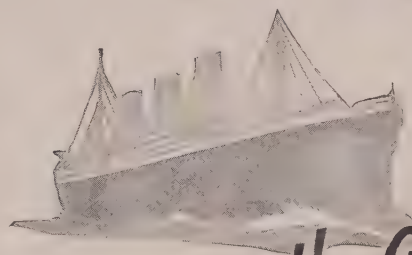
BOUÉ SŒURS

The Only Rue de la Paix House in America

9, Rue de la Paix, Paris
13 West 56th Street, New York

To Reveal Hair Loveliness

Beautiful hair is healthy hair—well nourished, vital, brilliant. Packer's Liquid Shampoo is made for the woman who wishes to maintain her hair at its best, to give it the help of regular and safe shampoos. In large bottles at all Drug and Department Stores.



For schedule and booklet apply to United American Lines 35-39 Broadway, New York, 171 West Randolph St., Chicago, 574 Market St., San Francisco, 87 St. James St., Montreal, or local agents.

Across the Atlantic

Service
Cuisine
Comfort

Winter Garden S.S. Resolute

DEFT service amidst comfortable and harmonious surroundings with excellent cuisine makes your voyage enjoyable and recreative. The *de luxe* steamers RESOLUTE, RELIANCE, ALBERT BALLIN and DEUTSCHLAND, and the splendid *one-class cabin* steamers CLEVELAND, THURINGIA, WESTPHALIA and MOUNT CLAY, maintain frequent sailings from New York to

FRANCE (Cherbourg and Boulogne) IRELAND (Cobh, Queenstown)
ENGLAND (Southampton and Dover) GERMANY (Hamburg)

Excellent connections to all inland points

UNITED AMERICAN LINES
(HARRIMAN LINE)
joint service with
HAMBURG AMERICAN LINE

Why not a Trip to France

instead of a summer cottage?

Aren't you a bit tired of your cottage at the beach—the chatter from the same old crowd? Your camp in the mountains?

Why not rent both places and go to France this summer? Spend a week or so in Paris, international capital of all gayety. Dance on Montmartre. Shop in the Rue de la Paix. Dine out-doors at the chic restaurants in the Bois. Enjoy the plays, the races, the opera.

Then forget Paris. If you prefer gayety, go to the smart beaches. But if you're weary of a foxtrot—

Take a motor trip through the high and lovely mountains of Dauphiny, where the little villages cling to the roof of the world, and the bells of the monasteries chime down the slopes, and the peasant children greet you with shy smiles and bunches of sweet lavender . . .

Go to Mont St. Michel for the thrill superb, and see that shining wonder across the long pale sands. Take tea at Falicon, high over the green valley behind Nice. Think of Duguesclin stalking the midnight streets of Rennes—and little Jeanne D'Arc meeting her king at Chinon.

Add this experience to the pleasure of your Atlantic crossing. Walk into France at the French Line gangplank in New York . . . at Havre, the port of Paris, just another gangplank . . . then the boat train—and in three hours you're in Paris. Easiest and by far the most enjoyable way to make such a trip . . .

French Line

Compagnie Générale Transatlantique 19 State Street, New York

Offices and Agencies in Principal Cities of Europe and the United States

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page* 58)

SILENCE is another crook play, but it is one of the best New York has seen since *Within the Law.*

Its basic elements all are old. There is the father who faces the electric chair to save his daughter; there is the girl with the baby, which latter is brought up in ignorance of her real father; there is the comic Irishwoman and the wicked district attorney. All are in the stew, and yet the flavor manages to be different.

The reasons for success in melodrama are precisely the same to-day as in the days of *Sweeney Todd,* but the treatment is utterly different. Max Marcin is apparently as much in earnest as Ibsen. His characters are really types, but for the time they seem individuals. We can suffer with them. After we come out into the cold night, we may smile sheepishly at our enthusiasm, but it has been with us none the less. And after all there are more mock heroics in a play by Pinero than in one by Marcin. The modern melodrama does not indulge in rhetoric. It gets us through hokum as old as Drury Lane, but it is hokum disguised in the speech of real life.

The star of the performance is H. B. Warner. Mr. Warner is the noble crook, who, when the play opens, is in the death-house with precisely five hours to live. Needless to state, being Mr. Warner, he lives through three acts and then goes off stage to dinner with his daughter. He gives a delightfully smooth and sympathetic impersonation, even the peculiar mannerism of his walk being in character. Flora Sheffield, as the suffering working girl of the opening act and the débutante daughter of the last two, acquitted herself well.

Other good performances were given by Frederick Perry as Phil Powers, by John Wray as the second crook, by W. C. Hodges as the old-time alderman and by Clare Weldon as the much-married saloon-keeper.

M. Gemier in Repertoire

FIRMIN GEMIER, a favorite Parisian actor, came to America with added prestige as director of the Odéon, the second National Theatre of France. His reputation rests, indeed, more on his achievements as a producer than as a player. In the plays in which he appeared at the Jolson he revealed himself as a well-schooled, conscientious routine actor, not possessed of any extraordinary histrionic gift. He has neither the personality, nor the stature, nor the magnetism of which great actors are made. Essentially a modern, he plays with a certain *pianissimo* that with some passes for genius, but this seems rather a result of his own temperament than any studied method. He is mechanical in his movements, monotonous in speech. Nor can his considerable stage experience quite conceal the fact that he is somewhat mature to impersonate with any verisimilitude gay Lotharios of forty.

In *L'Homme et ses Fantômes* (Man and His Ghosts), an episodic drama by H. R. Lenormand, whose earlier play, *Failures,* much in the same somber key, was done here last year by the Theatre Guild, M. Gémier appears as the modern Don Juan pursued by the phantoms of the women he has deceived. A sensualist, seeking pleasure everywhere but never finding it, his conscience is continually haunted by those he has wronged. Finally he dies, the spectre of his mother alone bringing him rest. The play, while interesting, contains no great novelty or truth. Its chief attraction is its panoramic arrangement and photographic quality. From this point of view it holds the attention, particularly effective being the street types that appear before the curtain while the scenes are being set, and which help carry on the action.

Germaine Rouer, an actress of temperament and power, was admirable as the jealous peasant girl. Mme. Koretzky, as Laure, a victim belonging to a higher class, was also excellent, especially in the mad scene.

In the classic rôles it cannot be said that M. Gémier sounded any tremendous note. In many ways it would be impossible to compare his Shylock with the work of his predecessors, as the version he appeared in had not only the Jew's salient scenes, but many added thereto by the industrious Gallic adapter, M. Nepoty. Gémier's Shylock is a voluble, active and gesticulative denizen of the Ghetto, an impersonation fraught with many deft touches of impressive characterization and interesting throughout. But it is deficient in tragic note and valuable more for its original peculiarities than its presentation of the Jew that Shakespeare drew.

M. Varennes was eminently successful as Antonio and M. Raymond-Girard made a gallant and dashing Gratiano. Lancelot Gobbo was unlike any Gobbo ever seen, but the part was equally different from that which the Bard of Avon wrote. Such as it was, however, M. Pasquali gave it a very comic and expertly agile interpretation.

The Way of the World

Comedy in five acts by William Congreve. Produced by the Cherry Lane Players at the Cherry Lane Playhouse on November 17, with the following principals:

Fainall, Murray Kinnell; Mirabell, William S. Rainey; Witwoud, Bruce De Lette; Petulant, Lawrence Tulloch; Sir Wilfull Witwoud, William St. James; Lady Wishfort, Marie Hassell; Mrs. Millamant, Gertrude Bryan; Mrs. Marwood, Auriol Lee; Mrs. Fainall, Vera Tompkins.

THE wittiest comedy in the English language was written neither by Shaw nor Wilde nor Sheridan. It

Come to Tarpon Inn, Useppa Island, Florida, and Discover How to Live

TARPON INN, famed resort for fastidious gentle folk, is located on a charming, picturesque island, "Useppa the Beautiful".

Nobody ever forgets his first view of this gem of the seas. Carpeted by velvety green reaches, dotted by cool woods, shaded by great friendly palm trees, wreathed in semi-tropical foliage and flowers, flecked in season with the blossoms of orange and grape-fruit groves, and scented with perfumed breezes, Useppa is a tonic to the body and a feast to the eyes. It is like a picture painted by a master's hand; a bit of creation in her most loving mood. Yes; a he-man's place, to be sure.

And nestled in all this wealth of grandeur stand the white, chummy portals of Tarpon Inn — the home of honest hospitality. Here are rooms as airy and cool as a flower garden, with beds as spacious as a lawn.

Cuisine, too, Ah-h-h! How your ravishing appetite relishes the varied and generous dishes which are prepared to the ultimate of tastiness.

Then, when the sun sinks like a golden balloon in the west and ends a day crowded with recreation and sport, there come lazy hours in the brilliant moonlight, listening to the soft strains of dreamy music which float to your ears and away into the semi-tropical night.

Come to Tarpon Inn, Useppa Island, and discover how to live.

OFF-SHORE VIEW OF TARPON INN

Tarpon Inn

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE. ADDRESS: TARPON INN, DEPT. C, USEPPA ISLAND, LEE COUNTY, FLORIDA

A Book That No Amateur Group Can Do Without

PRODUCING IN LITTLE THEATRES

BY CLARENCE STRATTON

The fullest, most up-to-date and helpful book on play producing; over seventy pictures of stage settings and scenes from plays successfully produced by amateur groups.

Chapters From the Book

Interest in Dramatic Production
Organizing an Amateur Group
Choosing the Play
Some Specimen Programs
Rehearsing the Play
Artistic Amateur Settings
Creating the Stage Picture
Costumes and Make-up
Lighting
Experimenting
Educational Dramatics
Annotated List of Two Hundred Plays for Amateurs

What the Reviewers Say

Brander Matthews in New York Times: "A model manual, sane and sensible, helpful and practical . . . A word of praise must be given to the many illustrations . . . selected to adorn this book. . . . Immediately helpful."

New York Literary Review: "The most important book for the small stage and one of the most practical additions to theatrical literature for some time past."

St. Louis Star: "The amateur producer is bound to appreciate these pages particularly."

Hartford Courant: "It is impossible to over-estimate the value of this book as a practical and stimulating help."

YOU CAN GET THIS BOOK FREE

"Producing in Little Theatres" sells at $2.90. You can get this invaluable book FREE with two yearly subscriptions—either two new, or an extension of your own subscription and one new subscription.

GRASP THIS OPPORTUNITY

Theatre Magazine,
2 West 45th St., New York.

Gentlemen:
I enclose herewith $8.00, for which please enter the following subscriptions and send me a copy of Clarence Stratton's book, "Producing in Little Theatres," FREE.

.....

.....

My Name.....

My Address.....

Foreign custom duties extra

was written by William Congreve and produced in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1700 and its title is *The Way of the World.* Had the Cherry Lane Players done nothing else, they had justified their existence by bringing this extraordinarily neglected play to the attention of New York theatre-goers.

It is, of course, impossible in this year of grace to bring back to the stage the full flavor of aristocratic comedy. The grand air must be acquired for the occasion, and the grand air does not flourish on Broadway or even on Shaftsbury Avenue. Then, too, the actors must learn to speak the English language. This is a particular difficulty in New York, as was shown in the Petulant of Lawrence Tulloch and to a lesser degree in some of the minor characters.

Even the Millamant of Gertrude Bryan could have been improved in this respect. Miss Bryan has a musical voice, but has yet something to learn in clarity of diction. When she has accomplished this she ought to make a comédienne of the first quality, for her performance was one of rare archness and brilliancy. The Mirabell of William S. Rainey was on the whole an admirable impersonation, one at once clear cut and vital, but the character which perhaps most truly satisfied was the Lady Wishfort of Marie Hassell. Miss Hassell gave a superb portrait of the worldly superannuated coquette. Her impersonation was at once distinguished and racy. Good work too was done by Bruce De Lette as Witwoud, by William St. James as Sir Wilfull and by Auriol Lee as Mrs. Marwood. The staging and especially the costuming were excellent.

We wonder if Mayor Hylan or the Police Department will institute an inquiry into the morals and language of Mr. Congreve's characters. A Restoration audience would have sympathized with the dialogue of *What Price Glory* if that of *The Way of the World* is any criterion of what they enjoyed. In those rollicking days a spade was a spade and art had not learned the use of camouflage. Let those who shudder at the frankness of the débutante of to-day and who regret the palmy days of maidenly reticence and ignorance hie them to the Cherry Lane and observe the character of a débutante of 1700. Millamant is one of the most delightful maidens of all dramatic literature, but in sophistication she would make even an idol of Mr. Heywood Broun sit up and take notice. There is only one trouble about the modern girl—she isn't modern. She was quite the thing two hundred and twenty-four years ago!

My Girl

A musical farce in two acts and an interlude. Book and lyrics by Harlan Thompson. Music by Harry Archer. Produced by Lyle D. Andrews at the Vanderbilt Theatre on November 24, with the following principals:

Mary White, Jane Taylor; Betty Brown, Marie Saxon; Bob White, Russell Mack; Oliver Green, Harry Puck; Cynthia Redding, Helen Bolton; Harold Gray, Edward H. Wever; Nathaniel D. Green, Harry G. Keenan; Mrs. Green, Margaret Armstrong; "Pinkie," Roger Gray; Judge Black, Patrick Rafferty; Mrs. Brown, Harriet Ross; Violet, Lucila Mendez.

HARLAN THOMPSON and Harry Archer, who wrote the book and music for *Little Jesse James,* have created, in *My Girl,* a tuneful and speedy musical farce which is entertaining almost every minute of the time. It has everything to make it successful: Pretty girls, excellent dancers, tuneful and intelligent lyrics and principals who keep things moving at a rapid pace. And it has something in addition, unusual for a musical play, a plot and a bit of good-natured satire.

My Girl is, first of all, a product of the jazz age. It is a hot musical baby, with a jazz aggregation—the Harry Archer Orchestra—playing a big part in the production. The orchestra keeps the show going at a jazz tempo, and there is one bit of flame in the excellent chorus, a brunette with earmuffs and a bright crimson dress, who might well represent the "Spirit of Jazz." The chorus, a dozen or more good-looking, well-dressed high kickers, is the backbone of the show.

The comedy, contributed principally by Roger Gray as a bootlegger, and Russell Mack, as the transformed young husband, is unusually good.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

It was our privilege recently to hear Ossip Gabrilowitsch as pianist with the Flonzaley Quartet playing Schumann's *Quintette in E-Flat Major.* The eminent conductor and pianist plays two piano solo records which reveal him as indeed a master of tone color. Moszkowski's *In Autumn* (En Automne), with its brilliant chromatics, is certainly well named, particularly as we hear the full flare of its shades and hues pour from the fingers of this master. Schumann's melancholy little *Novelette* is its companion, a quaint fragment of the true autumnal mood.

Two arias from *Otello* are offered by Rosa Ponselle—the famous *Willow* Song (Salce! Salce!) and *Ave Maria.*

"Play Insurance"

2 YEARS OF THEATRE MAGAZINE FOR $6.50

a special offer

good only for the Holiday Season

Regular price $8.00

THEATRE MAGAZINE will save you money—it will avoid your suffering the boredom of poor plays. It means "Play Insurance"! A subscriber to *Theatre Magazine* never by any chance makes the mistake of choosing a tiresome, tedious or unentertaining play because he (or she) is *au courant* with what is new and best in the theatres.

Why don't *you* take out this "Play Insurance"? The price of a pair of seats for a single ill-chosen play will give you a "policy" for two solid years, in the form of a subscription to THEATRE MAGAZINE—two years of intimate and precise knowledge of the last word in the theatre and its allied arts—knowledge that you cannot afford to be without nowadays, if you would be well informed. And if you live out of town, and are denied the pleasures of theatre-going—you need THEATRE MAGAZINE just that much more, because it will bring Broadway to you.

What does THEATRE MAGAZINE promise for the coming year? It promises—

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

And reviews in authoritative, unbiased, and entertaining fashion, some three hundred or more plays each year.

MUSIC

Critical comment and news of the Opera and the Concert fields. Illustrated.

VAUDEVILLE

Snappy reviews of the Two-a-Day, with pictures of the most talked about performers.

SCREENLAND

The best the silver screen offers—reviewed, discussed and pictured with the personalities of the photo play world.

THE AMATEUR STAGE

A series of articles on High School play production—news of the Little Theatres and other interesting items.

HEARD ON BROADWAY

Jottings of the doings and sayings of managers, playwrights—actors and actresses and familiar figures along the Rialto.

THE NEW PLAYS

Condensations of the talked-of plays of the moment—one in each issue. Copious excerpts and the complete story of each play.

ILLUSTRATIONS

A collection of exquisite half tone reproductions, including stage personalities, scenes from plays, dance studies, etc. Over twelve hundred each year.

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

The fastidious woman who follows the lead of the best dressed woman in the world—the actress—will find inspiration in these pages.

And many other interesting features.

Tear off the coupon to-day—while it's fresh in your mind

THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th St., New York

Enclosed find $6.50 for two years' subscription to THEATRE MAGAZINE, beginning with the current issue.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State..... [Add 50c additional for Canadian and foreign postage]

These subscriptions may go to different addresses. If they are Christmas subscriptions, beautiful cards will be sent announcing your gift

SCHOOLS

SCHOOLS

NED WAYBURN

Now Staging—

The Kansas City Junior League Follies, the Atlanta Junior League Follies, the Princeton Triangle Club's Annual Musical Comedy, "The Scarlet Coat," and the Penn. State College Show, "Wooden Shoes," and a new Musical Revue for the New York Edison Co.

AT last you can secure a complete service for staging amateur theatricals the Ned Wayburn way. When you plan your next private or amateur entertainment, think what it would mean to have the advantage of all the experience, knowledge, artistry and skill that has gone into the making of the internationally famous "Follies" productions, including the "Follies of 1923" now on tour. In addition, Mr. Wayburn is prepared to supply scenery, costumes, lighting effects, orchestrations and whatever else is desired. Write for full details of this service.

Individual Instruction, too

Everyone wants to appear to the best advantage in whatever entertainments they may take part. For those who desire to develop their individual talents, private or class instruction can be arranged. Previous experience *not* necessary. Many come to us for this instruction merely to develop the ease, grace and charm of manner which a knowledge of the principles of stage dancing gives. Send for new booklet—it tells all about our courses.

Adults or Children—Beginners or Advanced Pupils

NED WAYBURN
Studios of Stage Dancing Inc.
1841 Broadway, Studio AA (Entrance on 60th Street) New York City
Open 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. (Except Saturday Evenings and Sundays)
Phone Columbus 3500

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Founded 1884 by
FRANKLIN H. SARGENT

Board of Trustees:
Daniel Frohman Augustus Thomas
John Drew Benjamin F. Roeder

The Leading Institution in America for Dramatic Art and Expressional Training

Fully equips for
ACTING, TEACHING, DIRECTING

Develops Poise, Power, Personality for any vocation in life

New Winter Class for January 15th enrolling

Also Extension Dramatic Courses in Co-operation with
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
Catalogue describing all courses from Room 172-V
CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK

INTER-THEATRE ARTS SCHOOL OF ACTING AND PRODUCTION

The course includes practical training in acting, pantomime, diction, Dalcroze eurhythmics, scenery, costumes, stage lighting; and public performances.

Professional Affiliation with The Art Theatre, HENRY STILLMAN, Director.

For catalog of winter and summer courses, apply to
INTER-THEATRE ARTS, INC.
42 COMMERCE STREET NEW YORK

PERFECT FRENCH

for the layman, as well as those in the Profession, acquired by conversing and reading with a Parisian lady.

M. J., c/o Theatre Magazine
2 West 45th Street New York

LAURA HOPE CREWS *says:*

"Mr. Werntz, you have struck it! At last we have the facts of artful dress—and so artfully expressed we can understand them."

THE NEW & AMAZING METHOD

Charm and Artistry in Dress

By CARL N. WERNTZ

tells the woman who wants to dress smartly how to psycho-analize the effect of line and color in clothes and harmonize these with her personality. 99 pages of text. 300 diagrams give the information to you clearly, concisely and completely for only $5.

——————Order Coupon——————

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS
81 E. Madison St. Chicago, Illinois

I enclose $5.00 for which send *Charm and Artistry in Dress*, complete and prepaid:

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City and State*_____

THE AMATEUR'S GREEN ROOM

The Dramatic Club of the State Teachers' College, Kirksville, Mo., concluded in their summer term one of the most successful seasons in its history, with a production of the *Comedy of Errors,* presented in the new Kirk Auditorium. Under the direction of Mr. C. M. Wise, Professor of Dramatics, the production of the "comedy" marks the carrying on of a tradition prescribing the production of a Shakespearian play each year.

In the fall, winter and spring this club takes a play over the Missouri Little Theatre Circuit. Last season *The Rock,* by Mary Hamlin, was used. It was seen in twenty-eight performances and toured three thousand miles. The largest community in which it was given was St. Louis and the smallest a one-room rural school district where the only light came from gasoline lamps.

At present the club is rehearsing *The Servant in the House,* by Charles Rann Kennedy, for its 1924-25 Missouri Little Theatre Circuit play.

The three campus dramatic clubs of the University of Minnesota—Paint and Patches, Masquers and Players—have united under one organization and will henceforth be known as The Minnesota Masquers. The new organization will give three major productions each year.

The Beverly Players, who operate under the direction of Nelson Junius Springer and the patronage of the Fourth Unitarian Church, East Nineteenth Street, Flatbush, Brooklyn, are celebrating their fifth anniversary with a play contest, the full details of which will be announced later. This group, although connected with a church, is non-sectarian, welcoming all who are interested in the drama regardless of their religious affiliations.

They are planning the production of *Candida, Francesca da Rimini, The Scarecrow, The Poor Little Rich Girl, Tartuffe, The Life of Man, The Piper* and *Monsieur Beaucaire.*

NEW BRUNSWICK RECORDS

Instinct with drama are two records prominent on the current list. The Prelude to Act III of *Lohengrin,* followed on the reverse side by the Wedding Music from the same opera, as played by the Cleveland Orchestra under the decisive baton of Nikolai Sokoloff, is, from the opening flourish of the full orchestra to the last strains of the Bridal Chorus, a thrilling proof of Wagner's genius on the stage itself as well as in the orchestra pit.

The other record, likewise notable for its suggestion of dramatic action, presents two scenes from *Trovatore,* sung by Sigrid Onegin and Mario Chamlee; the rather plaintive "Ai nostri monti," in which the contralto predominates, and the more vigorous "Mal reggendo."

SCHOOLS

SCHOOL of the THEATRE

Threshold Players

DIRECTORS

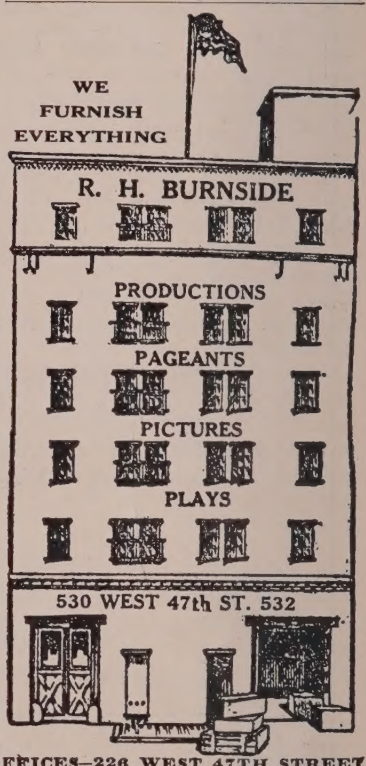
CLARE TREE MAJOR FRANK CRAVEN
WALTER HAMPDEN ELSIE FERGUSON
GEORGE ARLISS RACHEL CROTHERS

Students play seven times weekly for six months before graduation—Professional Directors Only—Scenic Design—Production—Dancing—Fencing—Pantomime—Voice Development—Shakespearean Reading—Playwriting, etc.—Special evening classes for students employed during the day.

Winter Term Opens January 2nd
Registration Limited.

Write for Catalog to the Director.

CLARE TREE MAJOR
Princess Theatre, 104 W. 39th St., New York City



OFFICES—226 WEST 47TH STREET
PHONE CHICKERING 6770.

PLAYS

COMPLETELY STAGED
Plays for
LITTLE THEATRES, DRAMATIC CLUBS
Colleges and Schools

ICEBOUND
THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING
A MENNONITE MAID
ETC., ETC.

Send for Latest List of Three Act AND ONE ACT PLAYS

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.
55 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Large List New Vaudeville, Acts, Stage Monologs, **PLAYS** New Minstrel Choruses and Novelty Songs, Blackface After-pieces and Crossfire, Musical Comedies and Revues, Musical Readings, Novelty Entertainments, Wigs, Beards, Grease Paints and other Make-up Goods. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE. WRITE NOW.
T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 70 Chicago

ACTOR FOLK LUSTY TRENCHERMEN

(*Continued from page* 24)

"Come to dinner and then we can talk at leisure," is her much enjoyed invitation.

Ernestine Schumann-Heink! Perhaps nobody since the world began enjoyed food more than the beloved contralto. "Let's have 'eats,'" she says in the typical effort to incorporate American slang into her conversation. "There we can talk." Madam, accustomed to preparing a substantial meal for her family of nine children in the earlier day, never just broke away from the belief that a meal's a meal and that a table should have enough food for nine people, even though there be none present but the interviewer and the interviewed. "Pig's hock and sauerkraut may not sound pretty," she declares, "but I believe it was the food eaten by the gods on Olympus, or was it Olympia? I get all mixed up in my geography."

Paderewski, the soulful, poetical dreamer, doesn't care to be bothered with interviewers in recent years, but he invites his friends to join him at supper—sometimes at three o'clock in the morning, when the day is just ending for him.

Caruso preferred to talk to the interviewer while he was winding yards of spaghetti around a fork and swallowing great mouthfuls of the stuff well smeared with tomato sauce. On a particular occasion I asked him for an interview two hours before he went to the opera-house to sing. "Let's eat," he suggested, as he gave his consent to the talk; and we went to an Italian restaurant, where, to my amazement, a veritable platter of spaghetti disappeared from his fork as he answered my questions. And some of the novices at singing boast that they "never eat before singing."

Perhaps it should have been kept a secret, perhaps it destroys some of the illusion, because the world likes to think of its stage heroes and heroines as spiritual marvels who breathe the same air as commoner mortals, but who rarely descend so far as to partake of sirloin steak, buckwheat cakes and sausage and apple pie. But long experience in the field has taught me that if you want to know the actors and singers better, if you want them to talk and to reveal themselves as they are, divested of the trappings of the stage, why, feed them or let them know that you want them to feed you. Of course, they all love their art—but next to art, they love food.

BY THEIR GOWNS YOU SHALL KNOW THEM

(*Continued from page* 28)

in any one of them to compare with the scope the designer of clothes may give his imagination in what is termed "a period play." To my long experience in originating the costumes for plays given the American public by our most discriminating producers nothing has come to my hand which gave me more real joy than *The Red Falcon.* A story of Sicily in the sixteenth century, I had access to great magnificence in its costuming. Since the costumes ran from priest robes to the bridal gown worn by Carlotta Monterey, and many of them for people of wealth, the scope accorded my imagination knew only the bounds of period authenticity. And since the period was one of shimmering satins, brocades and jewels, I was in an ecstacy of richness and color.

The play also afforded an interesting example of an opportunity to use many rare things in my collection of lovely laces, antiques and curios. Of the former, for instance, I bought some years ago in Sicily two priests' robes, designed largely of a perfect example of the lovely lace made by the peasants of that country. For many years this lace has been in my collection and I had found no place for it. When I found, included in the costuming of *The Red Falcon,* the robes of an archbishop, I knew that I had at last located the place for the lace in question.

Of course, such a play in its costuming necessitates thorough knowledge of its period, the customs of its people of every caste and the manner of their living. Once saturated with this, it but remained to revel in cloth of gold, exquisite laces, rich velvets and jeweled embroideries — always avoiding the danger in even such a play, with such liberty expected, of too greatly accentuating the clothes. For it does not matter *what* the period of a story nor when nor where its locale, the character of its people must not be subservient to its costumes. I merely cite *The Red Falcon* as a period play which did, however, permit that poetic license to which I referred as sometimes possible—and desirable—to the designer of the costumes of a dramatic production.

The Greenbrier
WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS
West Virginia

Society's favored resort for relaxation and rest. Ideal for the winter months. Great "country house" of luxurious comfort. World famous Medicinal Waters and Baths. Two hundred miles of riding enchantment. Three splendid golf courses. Special rates for winter months. Booklet on request.

Thornton Lewis, President
Fred Sterry, Managing Director. Harry Tait, Manager

W.S.S. Water A Natural Laxative

America's Morning Drink

Majestic Hotel and RESTAURANTS

JUST outside the din and roar of city traffic, yet within quick reach of shops and theatres — That's the rare charm of the "House of Contentment." Here you enjoy the fascinating brilliance of smart company in peerless surroundings.
Distinctive service for banquets and social events under the personal direction of M. Edouard Panchard
Attractive brochure No. 4-B on request

Copeland Townsend

2 West 72nd St., New York
Entire block fronting Central Park
Tel. Endicott 1900

The 1924 Bound Set
THEATRE MAGAZINE

2 Volumes Bound in Green Silk Cloth

Fully Indexed

Price $10.00

Postage Extra

The authoritative encyclopedia of the stage through twenty-four years of successful publication. During that period:

1839 Plays have been reviewed
1826 Scenes of plays reproduced
8074 Portraits of players shown
1599 Special articles published

Do you ever wish to recall more vividly a play you have seen years ago? Or revive memories of the artistes who appeared at that time? Are you ever curious to read the criticism of a certain play? Or to refer to the costuming of it? Turn to The Theatre Magazine!

There is no college, school, club or public library of any importance where a complete file of The Theatre will not be found invaluable.

The Following Years Are Still To Be Had In Bound Sets:

1904 in 1 vol.....	*$25.00*	*1914 in 2 vols.....*	*$15.00*
1906 in 1 vol.....	*20.00*	*1915 in 2 vols.....*	*15.00*
1907 in 1 vol.....	*20.00*	*1916 in 2 vols.....*	*15.00*
1908 in 1 vol.....	*20.00*	*1917 in 2 vols.....*	*14.00*
1909 in 2 vols.....	*20.00*	*1918 in 2 vols.....*	*12.00*
1910 in 2 vols.....	*20.00*	*1920 in 2 vols.....*	*12.00*
1911 in 2 vols.....	*15.00*	*1921 in 2 vols.....*	*12.00*
1912 in 2 vols.....	*15.00*	*1922 in 2 vols.....*	*10.00*
1913 in 2 vols.....	*15.00*	*1923 in 2 vols.....*	*10.00*

The years not listed are out of print

→ **The last complete set of Theatre Magazine now available—$500.00 (f.o.b. New York)** ←

Theatre Magazine, 2 West 45th St., New York

NOTABLE PRODUCTIONS BY HIGH SCHOOLS

(*Continued from page* 42)

school, a property cupboard and a tiny room in which to keep scenery. There are usually about one hundred and seventy-five students in the department.

Five years ago the stage was devoid of any equipment or theatrical productions. The walls were a glaring, dirty white, and the only piece of usable property was a silver stereopticon screen covered by a crimson velvet curtain. Now the crimson velvet has disappeared and the walls are a warm neutral gray. A taupe velour curtain has been purchased. Three sets of scenery have been acquired, and the Board of Education has installed a lighting system which makes lovely effects possible. The art department of the school works with the dramatic department in close correlation.

A play director in a New Orleans high school writes: "We are hampered in this high school by having a platform rather than an enclosed stage and by the absence of anything but footlights. We have had bunch lights made for either side of the stage and use a cyclorama for background with simple scenic effects. Our drawing department often helps us construct effects, painting a Chinese wall for us in *A Thousand Years Ago* and performing other like services. We find that costume plays are better for female casts and that costumes and stage settings are more important than scenery."

Yet in this school were produced *Quality Street, A Thousand Years Ago, Little Women, Daddy Long Legs, Three Pills in a Bottle, Twelfth Night, Milestones, Rose o' Plymouth Town, Sherwood* and *The Charm School.*

At Hinsdale, Illinois, Miss Winifred Littell planned a year's program of a group of three one-act plays in the fall, a Christmas play and the senior and junior plays, with other one-act plays to be given under the supervision of the students themselves, thus building up the work among the younger students and giving some training in all phases of production.

Gray sateen drapes were provided for the stage. *The Imaginary Invalid* should have a tapestry background, so strips of yellow cheese-cloth were stenciled by the art class and stippled with dark, rich colors. These tapestries, hanging over the gray drapes, were gorgeous and were used in a dozen different ways in other plays. It was found difficult to rent just the costumes wanted, so new ones were made from cheap materials, sateens, cambrics and cheap silks, which were most effective at a distance. The invalid's bed was a white hospital bed, but it was covered with beaver board and gilded. The arched entrances were also made of beaver board gilded. Some of the most effective cushions were cambric, painted in rich colors and patterns. The play, a most delightful production from every angle, well acted and artistically staged, was indisputable proof of the high-school student's ability to understand and appreciate plays of the best type.

Confirmation of this last opinion is contained in a statement from Miss Zoradell Gannon of Pullman, Washington.

"It may be of interest to you to know that I have directed plays long enough to find that high-school students respond better to as lovely and fanciful a play as *The Maker of Dreams* than they do to *The Private Secretary,* for example. I am delighted to know that someone is trying to encourage directors of plays to choose better material. It can be done with such splendid results!"

These elements of beauty are the features for which many directors strive, often with unanticipated success. After the presentation at Central High School, St. Paul, of *The Dragon* by Lady Gregory, the school director, Miss Helen Austin, was assured that she had attained more suggestions of beauty and romance than had been present in the performances given in the East, for which the professional director had first-hand help from the author herself.

Emphasis of the elements of beauty comes in reports from the public high school of Frankford, Philadelphia, and the Hathaway-Brown School, a private institution for girls in Cleveland. In the first courses in drama have been offered during the past eight years. The list of plays in three years includes thirty-seven titles, among them *Seventeen, Dear Brutus, Merchant of Venice, Romeo and Juliet, As You Like It, Pinafore, Mikado.*

The head of the department, C. W. Meadowcroft, believes that costume and romantic plays are the most successful.

At Hathaway-Brown School the stage is always a treat for the eye. The beauty of simplicity marks the scenery; elaborateness, color and picturesqueness are displayed in the costumes and furnishings.

The performances listed and described here are typical of the countless notable productions made by high schools in all sections of the United States.

The next in the series of articles on Play Production in High Schools, now running in the Amateur Stage Department, will be contributed by Mr. Ralph E. Smalley, of Mechanic Arts High School, St. Paul. Mr. Smalley's first article in the February issue will be a discussion of ways and means, with a description of screen treatment for "Twelfth Night," illustrated.

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.